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THE

BLACK-LETTER BALLADS IN THE FREE REFERENCE LIBRARY,

MANCHESTER.

BY

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F.R. Hist. Soc.

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THE following notes have been made from a careful examination of the two volumes of Black-letter Ballads lately purchased by the Free Libraries Committee.

I will not on this occasion go into the relative scarcity of these ballads, but may reserve that for another occasion. My object is to indicate the chief points of general interest in this collection, and especially as to the curious old woodcuts used as embellishments. As a rule the engravings have nothing whatever to do with the subject matter of the ballad, and in this respect the modern printers of songs and ballads resemble their predecessors of two and three centuries back. A glance at the collections occasionally to be seen displayed for sale at our street corners, the production of some local Catnach, will convince any one of the truth of this assertion.

It is a curious fact in the history of printing in this country, that what is known as the black-letter or old English type continued to be used in ballads down to the close of the seventeenth century; and some of the dated ballads in this collection prove this beyond doubt. This seems at first sight inexplicable, but the true reason why

the ballad printers continued to use the black-letter, after it was supplanted by the Roman letter for all purposes but the printing of legal forms and proclamations, is simply this,—the type was the worn-out plant from the large printing offices; and being cheap, and fit for nothing else, was eagerly bought up by those whose business it was to produce these broadsides, and to produce them at a low price.

Numbers of these printers were to be found in the neighbourhood of Snow Hill, Giltspur Street, and the adjacent Old Bailey, and that appears to have been the centre of activity in the printing of all sorts of broadsides, ballads, and last dying speeches, for more than two hundred years. To return to the engravings: you will find there are only

perhaps half a dozen of these ballads in the whole collection for which the illustrations seem to have been specially prepared.

Many of the woodcuts are of sixteenth and even fifteenth century work, and it is most interesting to note how the earliest of these engravings are almost uniformly the best as works of art.

Several of the best of these illustrations are Bible subjects, and have been used by our earlier English printers over and over again; and I am much mistaken if two or three of the earliest of these Bible pictures (see specimen) have not been used originally in block-books such as the *Biblia Pauperum.*

There are in this collection seven or eight portraits of Queen Elizabeth, some of them much worn, but still showing evidence of having been originally good. There are also two portraits of Charles the First, and one of Charles the Second when a young man.

I will now note a few of the more interesting ballads, and will give the folios on which they are to be found, beginning with the first volume.

VOLUME I.

Folio 1. "The Siege of Newcastle." The illustration is an old Bible cut, representing a castle and walled town, and a conflict going on in the foreground. Three holes have been pierced through the block, in which, in type, are printed the words "Newcastle" over the town, and "Scots" and "English" over the contending armies.

Folio 3. "The North Country Lass," in which the scene is laid at Wakefield in Yorkshire.

Folio 4. "A most excellent Godly new Ballad."

Folio 6. "The Credit of Yorkshire the scene 'Pomfret.'"

Folio 7. "The Royall Entertainment," printed just after

the Restoration of Charles II. Block, a Scripture subject. Another shows three men in company drinking and smoking. Probably a party of cavaliers.

Folio 13. "Robin Goodfellow," printed about 1580. The rude woodcut at the head of this ballad is, I think, from one of the old block-books, perhaps the *Biblia Pauperum.* Here is a stanza:—

> You airy sprights not a few
> Of Robin Goodfellow's Crew,
> Let's our old sports renew,
> Until the sky look blue:
> That mortal men may know and see,
> What cunning, merry, mad blades we bee.

Folio 14. "Mary Ambre." The blocks here again have not the slightest reference to, or connection with, the ballad, which was printed about 1640, and in the following measure:—

> Then took she her Sword and her Target in hand;
> And called all those that would be of her Band,
> To wait on her person there came thousands three,
> Was not this a brave bonny lass Mary Ambree.

Sir Walter Scott doubtless had this ballad in his mind when he wrote "Bonnie Dundee."

Folio 23. "A Delicate New Ditty, composed upon the Posie of a Ring," being *I fancy none but thee alone*, is remarkable chiefly for its title. There is in this volume a very good version of The Babes in the Wood; the date is early in the seventeenth century. The title is, "The Norfolke Gentleman his last Will and Testament: And how hee committed the keeping of his Children to his owne Brother, who dealt most wickedly with them: and how God plagued him for it." To the tune of *Rogero.*

Folio 41. "A Cruel Murther;" being an account of a trial at Lancaster Spring Assizes;—a very interesting ballad, date not given, but the account might be easily verified.

Folio 52. Is called "Mouse Trap," and has at the head

three woodcuts, the central one being, in my opinion, the finest specimen of engraving in the collection; it probably dates as far back as 1460.

VOLUME II.

Folio 2. "No naturall Mother but a Monster" (1633). The first cut of the three at the head is also of the fifteenth century, and is, as many of them are, much eaten by the worm.

Folio 6. "The Gossip's Feast:" or,

A merry meeting,
Of womenkind each other greeting.
Which by a fire with spiced Ale,
Told many a pleasant Christmas Tale.

To a delicate northern tune.

I have put the date of this at from 1580 to 1590. There is in the sixth stanza, which I will read (though not quite so delicate as the tune), a very palpable quotation from the song in Bishop Still's Play of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, which was first acted at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1566:—

Then quoth bold bluff the Souldier's wife
I speak with all my heart,
Here is a cup of stinging ale,
Then fill's the other quart.
What though my hand and foot goe bare,
My back and side goe cold,
My belly shall not want good ale,
As much as it will hold.

Folio 7. "A Memorable Song on the unhappie Hunting in Chevy Chase, between Earl Piercie of England, and Earl Douglas of Scotland." To the tune of *Flying Fame;* probable date, 1580. There is in this volume another edition of the same ballad, which is perhaps older.

Folio 10. "Save a thief from the Gallows and he'll hang thee if he can" (1616). Of this there is also a duplicate.

Folio 16. "The Lamentable Fall of Queene Eleanor, who for her pride and wickednesse, by God's judgements sunck into the ground at Charing-Crosse, and rose at Queenhithe." To the tune of *Gentle and Courteous.* This is one of the very few ballads in the collection for which the illustration has been specially engraved. It gives a view of the cross at Charing Cross, with the queen sinking into the ground, and a little farther on in the background she is shown as if emerging from a well. It is thought by some that this ballad was originally written in Queen Mary's time, and was (though full of absurd anachronisms and falsehoods) afterwards adopted by George Peele in his play of *Edward the First.* It may be worth noting that any person possessing the sum of twopence may, at the present day, sink into the earth at Charing Cross, and in a few minutes rise again at Queenhithe, or, which is much the same thing, at the Mansion House Station of the Metropolitan Railway!!

Folio 39. "Strange News from Brotherton in Yorkshire, being a true relation of the raining of Wheat on *Easter* day last, to the great amazement of all the Inhabitants." Printed shortly before 1660.

Folio 50. The cuts here are an angler with his rod and line, and in the second illustration I recognise a block which was printed originally in the small quarto series of pamphlets by Nash, in 1596, which pamphlets are now reprinted by Dr. Grosart (vol. iii., page 55).

Folio 44. "England's Monthly Predictions for this present yeare (1649). Wherein is related all the chiefe observations and accidents that will happen this year in the kingdome." There is, it may be noted, no suggestion that in January, the 30th day, the King would lose his head; and the whole year is filled up, month by month, with vague generalities.

Folio 48. "Keepe thy head on thy shoulders, and I will

keepe mine." Dated 1641. In it are many allusions to the troublous times of the civil wars.

Folio 54. "King Charles His Speech, and last Farewell to the World, made upon the Scaffold at White-hall-gate, on Tuesday, January 30th, 1648." To the tune of *Welladay*. With a cut showing the executioner exhibiting the head of the king. The date is of course 1648, *old style*, *i.e.* 1649 according to our present mode of reckoning.

This concludes the list, and I will only add that at the end of the printed ballads are pasted in a few manuscript ballads, the history of which I do not know. They appear to have been written in the time of the Commonwealth or a little later.

Newes from *New-caſtle* with
An Advertiſement,

To all Engliſh men that (for the ſafety of themſelves, their King and Country) they would abandon the fond opinion, (which too many doe conceave) of the *Scots* good meaning to *England*, which our fore-fathers have ever experienced to the contrary; they having bin oftentimes found to bee circumventing Machiavillians, and faythles truce breakers. This dity was written upon ſome occaſion of newes from the *North*, containing the *Scots* ſurprizing of *New-Caſtle*, where they left three thouſand men in Gariſon, with a briefe touch of ſome of our brave Cavaleirs who manfully fought in that conflict.

The tune is, *Lets to the Wars againe.*

. time,
time,
your time,)
knowne,
ir caſtle.
fte.
e fooles faine,

en,
ſe of men:
now,
to.
faine, &c.

2

How ſhall we dare to truſt them now,
Unleſſe old time hath tane a courſe,
To make them better and us worſe?
O let not faire words, &c.

How ever they for their owne ends,
Count ſome their foes, ſome their friends,
If we into their hands ſhould fall,
The ſword no difference makes at all,
Deare Country men then credit not,
The promiſe of a flattering Scot.
O let not not faire words, &c.

They are you ſee already come,
To ſeeke us at our native home,
But ſure (unleſſe my wiſhes fayles)
They'le ne'r returne to tell more tales,
If God knit Engliſh hearts in one,
Jocky will wiſh that he were gone.
Then let not faire words, &c.

New-Caſtle they ſurpriſed have,
Where certaine of our gallants brave,
Both horſe and foote yielding their breath,
Have (with their dying) conquered death,
Others likewiſe they priſoners tooke,
For a reward they ſome muſt looke.
Then let not faire words, &c.

The Second part, To the ſame tune.

The illuſtrious vizcount Conway ſtout,
Did what man could to keepe them out,
His ſwoꝛd up to the hilts he ran,
In a Scots heart (ſome noted man,)
Yet he came off with little harme,
Only a little hurt i'th Arme.
Then let not faire words, make fooles faine,
But let us beate the Scots againe.

That valorous and woꝛthy Knight,
(Whoſe fame thꝛough Chꝛiſtendome ſhines
Bold Sꝛ. John Digby's hoꝛſe dead ſhot (knight.
Became a pꝛiſoner to the Scot,
The noble Colonell Willmot ſhard,
With bꝛave ſiꝛ John; both kept in ward.
Then let not faire words, &c.

That hopefull bud of chevalry,
Valiant Charles Porter manfully,
Being Coꝛnet of a warlike troupe,
Ne'r yielded till death made him ſtoupe,
He ſeal'd his honoꝛ with his blood,
Dying foꝛ's King and countries good.
Then let not faire words, &c.

His bꝛoken ſwoꝛd in's hand was found,
(When he lay gꝛobelling on the ground)
His Coꝛnet colors 'twixt his thighes,
Thus yielded he in ſacrifice,
His life and blood in's Countries right,
Making his fame in's death ſhine bꝛight.
Then let not faire words,

Some other of our Cavaleirs,
Were ſlaine and hurt, as it appears,
About ſix hundꝛed men outright,
(Of hoꝛſe and foote) were kil'd i'th fight,
And of the Scots 'tis ſuſpect'd,
As many if not moꝛe then dy'd;
Then let not faire, &c.

When they ſuꝛpꝛiſed had the Towne,
(Wherein their minds to us is knowne,)
Thꝛee thouſand men in Garriſon:
They left the Towne to looke upon,
They ſeal'd and ſeal'd th' waꝛehouſes all,
Is this the thing you friendſhip call?
Then let not faire, &c.

The Country muſt the Army finde,
Such charge the Scots have left behind,)
With bꝛead, cheeſe, butter, dꝛink, and ſtubbe,
All this to doe they did pꝛobooke;
At their ꝛeturne they will pay all,
But that I feare they never ſhall.
Then let not faire, &c.

Our Loꝛd pꝛoteꝛt King Charles; and ſend
This waꝛ may bꝛing a peaceful end,
Let palms of victoꝛy deck his bꝛowes,
And having made his foes to bowe,
Bꝛing him in ſafety home againe,
Always in peace heere to remaine,
Then let not faire words, &c.

FINIS. M.P.

Printed at London, by E.G. and are to be ſold at the Horſe-ſhooe in Smith-

The Great Turks terrible Challenge, this yeare 1640.

Pronounced againſt the Emperour of Germany and the King of Poland by *Soloma Hometh* who lately deceaſed, but continued by his brother *Ibraim*, the firſt of that name.

To the tune of My bleeding heart, or Lets to the wars againe.

YOu that vſtes ſtrange newes to heare,
Unto my ſtory now give eare,
Great warres there is pronounced of late,
By him who doth all Chriſtians hate:
Gainſt Romes Imperiall Maieſty,
And King of Poland ſoyning nigh,
By the great Turk who would devoure,
Each Chriſtian kingdome by his power.

Soloma Hometh called ſo,
This Tirant great and Chriſtians foe,
At three and thirty yeares of age,
Death finiſht up his dayes and rage:
Yet for all that their Turkiſh hate,
Gainſt Chriſtian kings doth naught abate,
But God deliver Chriſtians all,
That they by ſuch do never fall.

Though death did happily prevent,
The cruell Tirants bad intent,
Yet he which doth him now ſucceed,
More tetrous to the world doth breed:
Thoſe bloody purpoſe is inclinde,
To proſecute as twas deſignd,
The Chriſtian kingdomes to devoure,
But God confound the Pegans power.

[illegible]all ſentence challenging,
[illegible] Emperor, and Polands king,
[illegible] Princes, Peares, and Pope alſo,
[illegible] force adioynes unto:

For by their kingdomes crowones they ſweare
To come before their Cities there,
But God deliver Chriſtians all,
That they by ſuch do never fall.

And will with thirteen kingdomes riſe
The Chriſtian world for to ſurpriſe,
Full thirteen hundred thouſand ſtrong
Of Turkiſh powers to march along,
With full intention to ſubdue,
The Chriſtian princes with this crew,
But God deliver Chriſtians all,
That they by ſuch do never fall.

Nay more ſay they, behold at length
With all our great Imperiall ſtrength,
Such as by you was never ſeen,
Nor yet in any kingdome been:
Wee'll come your nations to deſtroy,
Which you ſhall never more injoy,
But God, &c.

With mighty power for to ſubdue,
The Germane Emperor, and purſue
Him to the end with fire and ſword,
And tirranny to be abhord:
Alſo the Polanders devoure,
With force of armes and Pagans powre,
But God deliver Chriſtians all.
That they by ſuch doe never fall.

They gibe them for to underſtand,
How they will terrifie each land,
To rob to murther and deſtroy
With burning all they do injoy,
And put them to the cruelleſt death.
That ever was behild on earth:
But God deliver Chriſtians all,
That they by ſuch do never fall.

Their bloody minds they thus reveale,
The golden ſcepter and the ſeale,
Of Rome ſay they we will ſuppreſſe,
And fill your nations with diſtreſſe,
And thoſe ſay they we priſoners take
More worſe then dogs of them weele make
But God &c.

The Turke againſt the Polands King
Five hundred thouſand ſtrong doth bring
And of Tartarians by him ſent
To Wallachy Seaventy thouſand went
Which puts the country in great fear
To ſee their enemies ſo neere:
But Lord &c.

The king of Poland for this end
Lord Palatine to Rome did ſend
Embaſſadors to certifie
There enimies approached nigh,
In the meane time the Polander
Great preparation makes for warre,
But Lord, &c.

The Turke of Tunnis and Argier
To aggrevate the peoples feare
With fifty ſaile of galleys goes
The Chriſtian kingdomes to oppoſe.
Such preparation there is ſtill,
As may the world with rumours fill.
But God, &c.

A greater navy there is more
Providing neere the Turkiſh ſhore,
Of ſhips and Gallies ſixcore ſayle,
Leaſt they ſhould of their purpoſe fayle.
The Knights of Malta they likewiſe,
For to prevent their enemies,
The landing of the Turke to ſtop,
Have ſtrongly blockt their Harbors up.

Within five leagues the enemies,
From the Polonian frontiers lies,
Where unawares they chanc't to fall,
On the Polonians Generall.
Who with foure hundred men and horſe,
Went to diſcry the Turkiſh force,
But moſt part of his men are ſlaine,
And he with hurt return'd againe.

So that in Poland there is dred,
By theſe great terror and much dread,
For to behold their enemy.
So ſtrong againſt their frontiers ly,
For which they have proclaim'd a faſt,
That God in mercy at the laſt,
May rid them of theſe Pagans all,
That they by them may never fall.

Printed for Richard Harper at the

A pleaſant new Song, if youle heare it, you may, Of a North-country-Laſſe that had loſt her way.

To a new Court tune.

VVIthin the North countrey,
as true report doth ſaid.
There ſtands an ancient country towne,
is called mery Wakefield.

Within this Country towne,
a lively laſſe doth dwell,
She goes vnto the market place
her huſwifery to ſell.

And walking all alone
vpon a certaine day,
For to be ſhort, it ſo fell out
this faire maid loſt her way.

So wandring all alone
vpon the hill ſo high,
At laſt it was her luckly chance
a Shepheard for to ſpye.

Was ſitting all alone
vpon the mountaine top,
Singing bravely vnder a buſh,
and viewing of his flocke.

To him this fayre maid hyed,
and ouer the hils croſt:
That he might put her in the way,
which ſhe ſo long had loſt.

So walking thus apace,
at length ſhe came him nie,
Whereas he ſate vnder a buſh,
and did him curteſie.

God ſpéd Shepheard ſhe ſaid,
mery day to thée God ſend,
I am vnt one Shepheard ſhe ſaid,
if you ſtand not my friend.

I going am quoth ſhe,
vnto yon market towne,
But by miſchance haue loſt my way
vpon this hilly downe.

I wandring here haue bee..e,
ere ſince t was breake of day:
Yet could I never finde which was
to mee the neareſt way,

The Shepheard then replyde
faire maid ſit downe a while,
And Ile ſhew you the neareſt way,
at leaſt by halfe a mile.

O no Shepheard ſhe ſaid,
if I ſhould ſtay here long.
I ſhould not reach the market towne,
till all the market's done.

Feare not the Shepheard ſaid,
but ſit thou on this graſſe
For thou ſhalt heare my Bag-pipes goe
before thou further paſſe.

So downe the Maiden ſate,
the Shepheard ſate here by,
And then he pluckt his bag-pipes forth
and plaid melodiouſly.

HE plaid her ſuch a fit.
it made her brauely ſing:
The muſicke of his Bag-pipes ſound
made all the valleyes ring.

When that his minde was ſpent,
and he grew ſomewhat weary:
He told her which way ſhe ſhould goe,
and paſſe ouer no ferry.

Shepheard Shepheard ſhe ſaid,
if reaſon may permit,
Come play that leſſon once againe,
I may it not forget.

Then at the Maids requeſt,
although it griew'd him ſore,
He plaid it ouer twice as long
as he had done before.

Then as ſhe take her leaue,
yet loath ſhe was to part,
Although I goe, Shepherd ſhe ſaid,
Ile leaue with thee my heart.

Faire well Shepheard ſhe ſaid,
adew, nay twice adew:
If ere I chance to loſe my way,
Ile come againe to you.

The Shepheard then replyde,
Nay, O no not ſo
You ſhall taſte ſome of my browne bére,
ere that you further goe.

And ſome of my white loafe,
and ſome of my greene cheſe,
If I ſhould ſtay, the maid replide,
the market I ſhould leſe.

And then my Dame quoth ſhe,
will frowne, and ſweare and frowne,
If I ſell not my huſwifery
before that I come home.

What is your huſwifery,
faire maiden ſhew to me:
Two payre of ſtockings ſhe replyde:
Come buy them now of me.

What is the price quoth he,
of this your huſwifery?
Paſſe a crowne the maiden ſaid.
Hold take here is thy money.

The laſſe ſhe was ſo glad,
her huſwifery was ſold,
To ſtay longer Shepheard ſhe ſaid,
I dare be ſomewhat bold.

So downe ſhe ſate againe,
vntill the day was ſpent:
And he had folded vp his Sheepe,
then both together went.

Each to his ſeuerall home.
where what became of them,
I doe not know, and therefore now
here will I ſtay my pen.

FINIS.

Printed at London for. H. Goſſon.

A most excellent Godly new Ballad:

[illegible] manifold abuses in this wicked world, the intolerable pride of people, the wantonnesse [illegible] the dissimulation of flatterers, the hostility of deceivers, the beastlinesse of drunkards, [illegible] the filthinesse of Whoredome, the unthriftines of Gamesters, the cruelty of Landlords, [illegible] with a number of other inconveniences. To the tune of Greene-sleeves.

[illegible] what a wicked world is this,
[illegible] not blue aprons,
[illegible] sign of conscience is,
[illegible] the more is the pitie.
[illegible] grace, good people all,
[illegible] mercie call,
[illegible] both great and small,
[illegible] Colours and Citty.

[illegible] feare the Lord of might,
[illegible] regards his word aright,
[illegible] to Church but by a slight,
[illegible] the more is the pitty.
Amend, &c.

[illegible] beare so great a sway,
[illegible] monsters gnaw by the bag,
[illegible] the more is the pitie.
Amend, &c.

[illegible] walkes in sundrie places,
[illegible] his fate:
[illegible] a fole in this case,
and surely the more is the pitty.
Amend, &c.

Flattery is frimmed [illegible]
[illegible] tips are [illegible]
[illegible] the more is the pitty.
Amend, &c.

[illegible] to loiter out of fashion,
[illegible]
[illegible] the more is the pitty.
Amend, &c.

Crueltie creepes in every place,
[illegible]
[illegible] neighbours disgrace,
and surely the more is the pitty.
Amend, &c.

[illegible] in every coast,
[illegible] in brauery with the most
[illegible] more is the pittie.
Amend, &c.

[illegible] afeard,
[illegible]

Whoredome is counted a pretie sport,
greatly pleasing the lecherous sort,
not caring whether their soules shall perish,
and surely the more is the pitty.
Amend, &c.

The gaming houses who will shun,
where tripping dice so oft doe run,
till all their wealth from them be gon?
and surely the more is the pitie.
Amend, &c.

And fewe will learne in tender youth,
which way they may their wives woo,
But rash goe counsell nothing rule
and surely the more is the pittie.
Amend, &c.

Many weares a helmet crest,
by cutting of his feathers in jeast,
which without grace will not long agree,
and surely the more is the pittie.
Amend, &c.

The Law-lost with his [illegible]
[illegible]
The Lawyer is a [illegible]
[illegible]
Amend, &c.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Amend, &c.

Charitie is chased with fears,
pittie is caught in cruelties snares,
[illegible]
and [illegible]
Amend, &c.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Amend, &c.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Amend, &c.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Amend, &c.

A New SONG on the Arrival of His
PRINCE GEORGE,
And His Intermarriage with the
LADY ANN.

To the Tune of, Old Jemmy.

I.

PRince *GEORGE* at laſt is come,
Fill every man his Bumper;
For the Valiant *DANE* make room,
Confuſion to each *Rumper*.
And every prodigal ſtarch'd *Fool*
Aſpires unto a Crown,
By hopes of Plotting *Knaves* to Rule,
Who next wou'd pull him down.

II.

Preſerve Great *CHARLES* our King,
And His Illuſtrious BROTHER,
Whilſt *Whigs* in Halters ſwing,
And hang up one another:
The joyful *Bridegroom* and the *Bride*,
Prince GEORGE of Royal Race,
Of all the Swains the Joy and Pride,
The ſubject of their Lays.

III.

Brave GEORGE He is a Lad
With all Perfections ſhining;
With every Virtue clad,
And every Grace refining:
But oh! of ſuch a war-like Race,
So Conqu'ring are His Charms,
No *Mars* in Field, but muſt give place
To His Victorious Arms.

IV.

Brave GEORGE, Great *Denmark's* Son
(A ſtout and war-like Nation)
By Birth to *ENGLAND's* Crown
A near and dear Relation;
But now the Knot is doubly ty'd,
Which makes Him ſtill more near,
The Knot which *Knaves* would have
By cutting off the *Heir*. [deſtroy'd,

V.

But now the Tribe's diſpers'd,
Their Projects are defeated,
Which *Walcot* and the reſt
Did hope to have compleated:
And now they'l pay for all their ſcores,
Who for that *Int'reſt* ſtood,
And let 'em hang for Sons of Whores,
Who thirſt for ROYAL BLOOD.

VI.

Poor *Perkin!* where's the hope
Of all thy high promoting?
Not, Bully *Tom*, a Rope
Muſt crown thy Cheats and Plotting:
Let *Ferguſon* with *Gray* eſcape,
They ſafe are ev'ry-where,
If *Murder*, *Treaſon*, *Luſt* and *Rape*
Can paſs unpuniſh'd here.

VII.

Let *M——th* for a Crown,
That hopeful Prince ſo Loyal,
Away with Rebels run,
To raiſe an Army Royal:
Brave *George* for *England* ſcorns to fly,
Old *Jemmy* ſtout as He,
Their *Plots* and *Malice* we defie,
And all their *Treachery*.

VIII.

May Heav'n, which Him did raiſe
O'th' *Proteſtant* Profeſſion,
In His Immortal Race
Maintain the juſt Succeſſion,
That no pretending *Baſtard* bold,
In time to come, may dare
His lawleſs Title to uphold,
Againſt the lawful Heir.

Printed by *Nath. Thompſon*, at the Entrance into the *Old Spring-Garden*, 1683.

By the directions of the Scriptures, and the examples of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Written for the good of all sorts of people, both rich and poore, in this miserable time of necessity.

To the Tune of Ayme not too high.

YOu that the Lord have blest with riches store,
Slight not Gods word, but think upon the poor.
Bow down your eares of pitty to the plaints,
Of them which now for want of succour faints.

Let charity be dealt abroad with speed,
amongst such people as are in great need,
Whose hunger starved soules are like to perish.
Through want of food, their children for to cherish.

The Scriptures bids us daily to take heed,
And have a care the hungry for to feed,
To cloath the naked in their deep distresse,
And to give harbour to the harbourlesse.

But rich mens hearts of late are grown so hard,
That poore folkes wants they never a jot regard:
Nor will they listen to the woefull cry,
Of them that are through hunger like to dye.

Do not we see poore aged men complaine,
For want of food their hunger to sustain,
Begging of bread of every one they meet,
Till some have fallen down dead in open street.

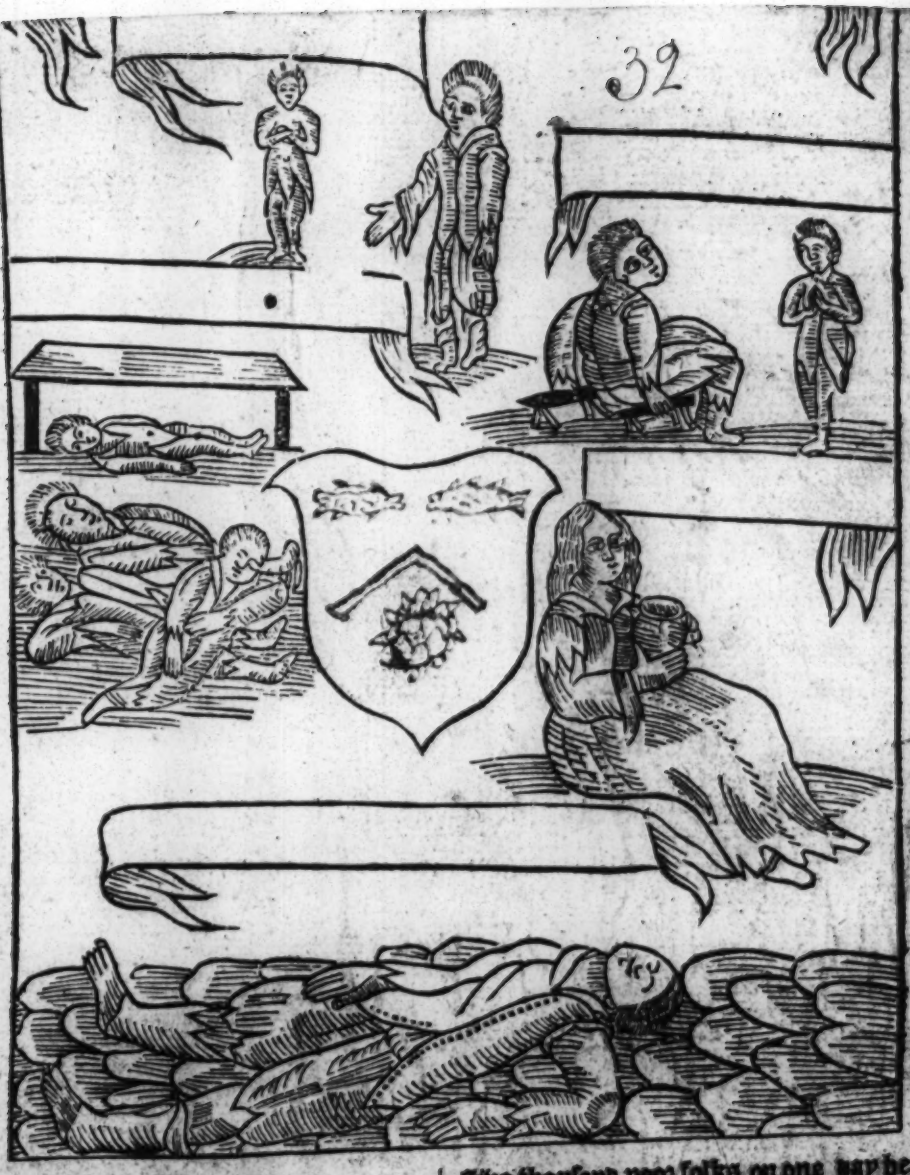
Do we not see poore widowes in distresse,
Who through bad times are now made husbandlesse,
Their outward sorrows and heart-breaking moan,
Is powred out, and to the world made known.

And do not many friendlesse children lye:
Ith fields and under stalls in misery,
Each night being ready to be starv'd with cold,
And hunger which is worse a thousand fold.

There are but few regards the prisoners greif,
And fewer that gives almes for their releife,
Altho tis known there can no means be wrought
They can have nothing but whats to them brought

Yet many men heaven knows, that have too much,
Whose humours and whose qualities are such,
Rather then to helpe poore folke to broken meate,
Theyle cast it under feet for dogs to eate.

Some servants also are so extreame proud,
Though by their maisters daily are allow'd,
Some certaine scraps to give unto the poore,
Theyle rather tak't and cast it out o'th doore.



By this we see, Gods word is disobey'd,
Conscience is dead, and charity is decay'd
Rich men that should the poor mans wants relieve,
Will sooner from them take then to them give,

This sin, all other sinnes on earth controles,
When men are so regardless of their soules,
They will not deale according to Gods word,
Nor yet take counsell of the living Lord.

Wherefore deare Christians: you that are in health
Having your limbs, your liberty and wealth,
I do desire you all for Christ his sake,
Some pitty on poor people for to take.

Christ came into the world to do us good,
And shed as many drops of precious blood
even for the purest wretch that goes oth ground,
as for the richest man that can be found.

Whilst in this world our Saviour did remain,
He never spent one houres time in vaine,
He preacht the Gospell freely unto all,
That would give eare and hearken to his call.

The tydings of salvation sweet he taught,
And many miracles to passe he brought:
His bounty still he gave unto the poor,
And did relieve the needy more and more.

Five thousand poor folks on one day he fed,
With five small fishes and two loaves of bread,
Whereby that all the world might truly know,
None but himselfe such miracles could do.

The poor man that was born blind like mole,
When once our Saviour had but toucht his eyes,
Immediately he did receive his sight.
which wonder strange was don by Christ his might

He made the deafe to hear, the dumb to talke,
Hee made the sick take up his bed and walk.
He cur'd the lame, and healed the Lepers evills,
And by his heavenly power he cast out devills.

Poor Lazarus when he had lain four dayes in grave
Whom no man could from death prefer've or save,
Our Saviour did restore his life againe,
The holy Gospell doth expresse it plaine.

This was our blessed Saviours charity,
Bestowed upon the poor continually,
A sweet example he hath left behinde,
That rich folks should have poor folks still in mind

And thus the word of God hath been decreed,
How they that help poor people at their need,
Shall live in blisse, after this earthly trouble,
And be with heavenly ayes rewarded double

London, Printed for Francis Grove on Snow Hill.

Finis. L.P.

The credit of Yorkeſhire, or the Glory of the North,

Or,

A new way to pay the Malt-man.

To the Tune of the right Glory of the Weſt.

OF late I heard a ditty,
was ſung in Town and City.
And it was cald the Glory of the Weſt;
of a pretty Cavelier,
That ſong was made as I do hear;
and in my conceit it proved a pretty jeſt,
But if you pleaſe to liſt a while,
this Ditty ſure will make you ſmile,
Wherein I will declare the ſame,
of a gallant Northern Dame;
Whoſe vertuous life, her conſtant love and worth,
makes me inſtile her the Glory of the North,
Her husband kept a Tavern and a noted Cavelier,
for being in Pomfret Caſtle it coſt his purſe full dear.

All the Gentry far and neare,
reſorted to this Cavelier,
Some for love of him and others for his wife.
Although content to all ſhe gave,
Yet ſo ſhe would her credit ſave;
her husband had no cauſe of jealouſy nor ſtrife.
All ſorts of Sexes thither came,
for to view this comly Dame,
And ſome in zeale would try her skill,
to obtaine their wanton will,
But if they were unchaſt,
ſhe'd call them forth this jeſt,
I pray hands off, touch not a Cavelier.
though Cavaleers are poore yet honeſt will bee
And play our games ſo fairely we care not who do ſee.

Welcome what five ſo ere you be,
you're welcome here bee ſure quoth ſhe,
Into ſuch content as my houſe can afford
you ſhall have at your command,
But this here you underſtand,
I ſhun your company if you were a Lord
if you ſeeke to wrong my Name,
or my credit do defame
By your baſe unchaſtity,
then I ſhun your company,
For if you ſeeke to wrong my honour ſo,
be ſure I then muſt take you for my husbands foe,
Cunning or going a kiſſe i'le not deny,
but otherwiſe tis troubleſome and I doe it defie.

Thus her vertues and her fame,
had gaind her ſuch an honeſt Name,
Moſt of all that Country that lived both far and neat,
that no time whereſoere they went,
Could give the Gentry ſuch content.
as they could have with this Northern Cavaleer.
Thus her credit's long ſet forth,
ſhe's cald the glory of the North,
For being ſuch a vertuous wife,
and leading ſuch a civill life.
But yet it coſt her husbands purſe full dear;
for being in Pomfret Caſtell was proov'd a Cavaleer
It coſt his wife all the money ſhee could gaine
her husbands liberty and freedome to obtaine.

All the meanes that ſhee could make,
it being for her husbands ſake,
Shee thought it not too much that ſhe did do,
when her husband ſhee had gain'd,
And his freedome had obtain'd,
thus was her love ſo conſtant firm & true,
Which brought them then in debt full ſore,
and chiefly on the Maltmans ſcore,
Who did on them no pity take,
but thought a prize on him to make,
Or on his wife, now marke this jeſt I pray,
the man at laſt was deceived in his play,
Her husband then in priſon ſtraight he caſt,
but this filly Malt-man did pay for't at laſt.

The second part, To the same tune.

HIs wife then hearing of the same,
unto the Maltman straight shee came,
And did desire him some course that he would take,
that her husband might be freed.
Quoth hee, sweete heart it is agreed,
if that you'l consent to the bargain I wil make,
So straight hee whisper'd in her eare,
and told her that shee need not feare,
For her husband hee would free,
if to him shee would agree.
That is quoth he to lodge with me one night
I meane to keepe it secret and your courtesie requite,
Your husband cannot know nor of it understand,
grant but this request Love, & her's my heart & hand.

Thus relating of his minde,
she thought shee'd fit him in his kind,
And out of prison her husband she would bring,
to any motion i'le now consent,
This knave, it seemes I must content,
and nothing else will please him unlesse it be that thing.
Quoth shee my wits i'le worke about,
but sure i'le bring my husband out,
And yet my credit I will save,
but make of him a silly knave,
Perhaps he thinks to make of mee his whore,
but such a trick i le show him shall pay a Maltmans score.
And teach such knaves more wit, when once they heare,
how this Maltman was served by an honest Cavaleer.

Then to this Maltman shee replid,
good sir your suit is not denied,
But which way I pray shall my husband sir be freed?
quoth he, sweet heart I mean to make,
A free acquittance for thy sake,
grant but my request & it is done with speed.
Then come at such a night quoth she,
and drink a pint of wine with me,
Then to my Chamber you shall goe,
none of my servants shall it know.
This bargin being made, shee to the prison went,
and there she told her husband all her full intent, (night
Quoth she sweet heart come out with your keeper such a
Come up unto my Chamber love and there claime your right.

The time being come the Maltman went,
and thought to give this wife content:
Then to her chamber hee straight way was conveyd,
the quittance in his hand he brought,
To reade it then shee him besought,
but full little thought hee poore soule he was betraid,
With her he then began to play.

but shee desired him for to stay;
Ide have you go to bed quoth shee,
if that you meane to sport with mee,
And such content ere long to you i'le give,
shall cause you I have to think on me as long as you
He then puts off his cloths and into bed did go, (live
this pitty soule undreest her to, but now begins his woe

Her husband straight began to call
quoth shee we are undone now all;
The Maltman hearing that began to sigh for feare,
quoth he where shall I go to hide?
Here in this Chest quoth shee abide,
for there is nothing in it but such cloths I weare.
Then in he went, but little thought
he to his shame should out be brought.
Her husband straight came to the doore,
what are you going to bed you whore,
When I'm in prison cast and money want to spend,
my keeper here wants money & is my speciall friend.
Alas you know sweet heart that I have none quoth shee,
i'le search all these coffers here, but i'le find some smith he.

Shee opened all about the Roome,
but that which was the Maltmans Tomb.
Come open this quoth hee, for here the treasure lies,
sweet heart quoth shee zapy rest content.
If this you see I shall be shent. (thighs
the Maltman hearing this the teares ran downe his
Before this Chest he opened,
the Maltman lay like one stark dead.
Quoth he here is a spirit here,
but with my sword I will him reare.
Keeper saith he, here is mine enemy,
and i'le be revenged upon him by & by.
If that you'l spare my life sweet sir, I humbly pray,
from all your debts i'le clear you sir untill this day. (last
He then releast him of his debt,
this Sparke was out of Prison set,
And well contented to i'le warrant he was home,
tis thought the Maltman dearly paid,
Because he had the Chest betrayd.
how happy is that man hath such an honest Wife
Neare Pomfret doth this couple dwell,
in London rode, tis known full well.
The Maltmans friends did me intreate,
none of their Names I should relate.
But to conclude and make an end of my Song,
consider of this tell you I can
When Cavaliers are poore they by their wits must live
but let them still be honest like this Gentlewoman.

London, Printed for Richard Burton at the Horse-shoo in Smithfield

The Royall Entertainment,

Preſented by the Loyalty of the City, to the Royalty of their Soveraign, on Thurſday the fourth of July 1660. When the City of London invited his Majeſty, the Duke of York, the Duke of Gloceſter, and their Royall Retinue, to a Feaſt in the Guild-hall, London, to which the King was conducted by the chiefeſt of the City Companies on Horſe-back, entertained by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common-Counſill, Guarded from White-hall to Guild-hall by the Artillery-men, led by the Illuſtrious James Duke of York; met by diverſe Pageants, with ſundry devices, and the Livery attending in their Order. The Hall was richly appointed with coſtly Hangings, the Floores raiſed, Organs erected for all ſorts of Muſick, performed by the Ableſt Maſters in England, with all Varieties that Art, Plenty, and Curioſity can preſent,

To the Tune of Packingtons pound.

MY pen and my fancy ſhall never give o're,
To write of ỳ triumphs which Providence brings
Such glory and glaneſſe was ne'r known before,
From William quite thorow the reign of the Kings.
our ſorrow and grief
is turn'd to releif,
And conſtant is now a Commander in chief.
His manlike Ship will appear in this ditty:
When London invited the King to the City.

Which was ſo performed with honour and glory,
With Order and Gallantry, Freedom and mirth.
That like I preſume hath been ſcarce ſeen in story:
Or ever was known ſince the oldeſt mans birth,
Sweet pleaſures divine,
in all eyes did ſhine,
our God hath converted our water to wine.
All things that were Excellent Pleaſant and pritty
Were ſhewn to the King when he came to the City.

Guild-hall was prepared with coſtly expence,
And after to entertain this Kingly gueſt,
Where with all variety every ſenſe
Was courted with plenty at this Royall Feaſt,
Invention and ſtate,
upon him did wait,
The City and Suburbs with people were fraught,
And no kind of joy that was worthy to witty,
Was wanting to welcome the King to the City.

With habits compleat and with hearts light as cork
Lord Lucas conducted th' Artillery-men
To White-hall to wait upon James Duke of York,
who led them all into the City again,
they guarded our King
from every thing
of dangers that might from conſpiracy ſpring
With loud acclamations both pleaſant and pritty
The King was conducted with joy to the City.

The Chiefs of the Companies gallantly mounted
With Lackeys in Liveries attending in ſtate
Did ſhew very famous, and ſo were accounted
who did to Guild-hall on his Majeſty wait
the Livery in order
did ſtand like a border
the Lord Mayor, the Alvermen, and the Recorder
With all the magnificence fancy can dress
Did royally welcome the King to the City.

THe King was contented, and very well pleas'd
as by his most gracious respects did appear
To see his good people his heart was well eas'd;
for dearely hee holdeth the City most dear
Not like the Rump-States,
which threw down the Gates
Or like to Jack Hewson, the Cobler ant's Mates;
Or any false Powers that were lowzie and nitty
Who aim'd to demolish the Charter oth' City.

With fingers and voices the chiefest that were
with loud and soft musick did make the Hall ring
That Science did in its best glory appear;
and was only fit for to welcome a King
with voices renown'd
the Banquets were crown'd
in Cathedral manner the Organs did sound
All sorts of Invention, both wondrous and witty
Were fitted to welcome the King to the City.

Pageants did there in their glory appear
the figures did seem all alive as it were,
In silver and gold they did shine very neer;
as bright as the Sun when the day doth shine clear
the Conduits did shine
with Liquor divine
The people did bear away hats full of wine
To run down the Streets it was very great pity
And thus was the King entertain'd in the City.

The rooms with rich hangings were highly attir'd
the Air smelt of nothing but costly perfumes
As if the whole world at that time had conspir'd
to throw all varieties into the rooms
the King sate in State
the City did wait
The Hall did abound in all manner of Plate,
As if they would tell him Great Cæsar wee'l fit thee
With all the choice Treasures belongs to the City

The plenty of food which was there at the Feast
with flesh, fish and fowl, and rare kick shawes
In such a small ditty can here be exprest
they cannot be marshall'd all up in a rows
the Cooks art was great
and pallat was neat
the Pastry appear'd in its order compleat
What ever was curious, novelty or witty
Attended the King in the love of the City.

The Earth and the Air, and the water conspir'd
to shew all the plenty the Kingdome could yeild
It can't be exprest, but may well be admir'd
the dishes stood thicker than flowers in the field
a friend of mine vow'd
that stood in the crowd
hee saw a large Banquet let down in a cloud
Which needs must appear very pleasant and pretty
Unto the beholders the King and the City.

With freedome and honour, and safety and love
the King spent the day, then to Whitehall he came
May all the choice blessings which God hath above
fall on his head daily to crown his content
may plenty and peace
and union increase
may Amity live, and keep in their seats
May God in his mercy love, favour and pity,
And never divide the good King and the City.

FINIS.

London, Printed for *Francis Grove* on Sa[illegible]
Entred according to Order.

The Loving Lad,

AND,

The Coy Laſſe.

Or, a new Dialogue between two young Lovers.

The Youth did love the Girle entirely well,
But ſhe (becauſe her beauty did excell,)
Seem'd nice and coy, as Virgins uſe to bee,
And yet at laſt they both did well agree:
The match was finiſht but on ſuch condition;
That ſhe might fully know his diſpoſition
Therefore ſhe did injoyne him not to marry,
But for her ſake, full ſeven years ſpace to tarry:
And then ſhe is reſolv'd (to end all ſtrife,)
She'l be his faithful, conſtant, loving Wife.

To the Tune of, my father gave mee Houſe and Land, or, the Young mans joy and the Maidens happineſſe.

Man.

ALl haile thou bright and bonny Laſs,
my joy and onely ſweeting,
Sad Fortune now hath Brought to paſſe,
that mee ſhould have a meeting,

That ſo I might behold thy face
and ſpeak my mind unto thee,
And ſince here is a fitting place,
I do intend to woe thee.

For I long time have lov'd thee well,
but yet I ne're did ſhow it,
Becauſe indeed the truth to tell,
I durſt not let thee know it.

For fear thou ſhouldſt my love diſdain,
and ſo in coyneſſe ſhun mee,
And not my perſon entertain,
which would have quite undone mee.

But now I have more courage gain'd,
and am reſolv'd to try thee,
For my affection is unfeign'd,
How canſt thou then deny mee.

Maid.

I prethee Will, be ſoft and ſweet,
methinks you are too haſty,
O talke no more of woing yet
For fear your Maſter ha's ye.

You are as yet a Prentice Will.
then leave ſuch fond adventures
And think not of a wife untill,
y'ave ſerv'd out your indentures.

For why I think there's no time loſt,
but you may longer tarry
Your age is twenty years at moſt,
a little too young to marry.

Then take my councel if you pleaſe,
and reſt a while contented,
Forbear ſuch rath attempts as theſe,
which oft times are repented,

Man.

Indeed I wiſh I able were,
to follow your direction,
But little doſt thou know my Dear,
the ſtrength of my affection.

Love burns ſo hot within my breaſt,
that if I ſhould conceal it,
Be ſure 'twould never let mee reſt,
untill I did reveal it,

For where true love the heart doth ſway,
in any Loyal Lover
He cannot brook one weeks delay,
but muſt his mind diſcover.

Therefore ſweet loving miſtreſſe conſider my condition, (Jane
My heart with love is almoſt ſlain,
O! prove a kind Phyſitian.

Maid.

Fye, fye, thou art a flattering youth,
I wo not like thy carriage,
Leave off ſuch topes for in good truth,
they will thee quite diſparage,

Think it not ſtrange that I am coy,
or that I have deny'd thee,
I never will affect a Boy,
what ever doth betide mee.

Herein I do thee not diſgrace,
but ſpeak as't doth behove mee,
For thou never hadſt a manlike face,
therefore I cannot love thee.

Man.

Oh! my Deat that's a killing word,
I prethee henceforth forbear it,
And let thy ſweet lips ſome comfort afford (ſpeak kindly that I may hear it.

I prize thee more than Gold or Pearl,
thou art my onely Jewell,
Then prethee do not frown my Girle,
why ſhouldſt thou be ſo cruel.

If thou continueſt to deny,
and thus in ſcorn to ſlight mee,
Then ſurely I, for love muſt dye,
Oh! do not ſo requite mee.

But if thou'lt grant mee love at laſt,
and yeild thy ſelf unto mee,
My grief and ſorrows which are paſt,
no harme at all can doe mee,

For in thy love I ſhall rejoyce,
even as it will behove mee,
And thou ſhalt find (my onely choice)
how dearly I do love thee.

Maid.

If that indeed your words be true,
and you do ſo affect mee,
Grant this requeſt, and that will ſhew,
how much you do reſpect mee,

Live for my ſake a ſingle life,
untill ſeven years are ended,
And then for to become your wife,
I fully am intended.

But if the ſame you do refuſe,
great cauſe I have to ſuſpect you,
Another mate you may go chuſe,
for I will never affect you.

Man.

My Dear, this is a difficult taſk,
and yet I tell thee truely,
Since thou art pleas'd the ſame to aſk,
I will perform it duely,

Full ſeven years ſpace, for thy ſweet ſake
a Batchelor I'le tarry, (ſake
And eke all other Maids for ſake
with my True-love to marry.

Now give mee leave to kiſſe thy hand,

Maid.

my leave is quickly gained,

Man.

The ſweeteſt Damaſel in the Land,
at laſt I have obtained.

FINIS.

London, Printed for F. Coles, M. W[illiams], T. V[ere], & W. G[ilbertson].

A new way of Hunting:
Or, the hunting of the wild Boar:
Being a compendious Dialogue between two Lovers,
To the Tune of, *Draw the Curtaines.*

FAire Fidelia, tempt no more,
By no meanes I thy person will adore,
For offer to thy shrine,
The Gods do me injoyne
To spend my time in hunting of the Boar;
Harke, I heare the Huntsman hollow,
To invite
To this fight
Martiall Mars and bright Apollo;
The bugle horne do blow,
The Foresters all a row
Are ready prest,
And bravely drest
Along with them to goe.

Fair Fidelia take a kisse,
And at my next return be sure of this,
Thou shalt well approve
I do thee dearly love,
Pray pardon at this time what is amisse,
I must leave thee for a space,
Else to chuse
And to lose
A more honourable place:
Farewell Cupid's Court,
Welcome Hunters sport
Now will I
My fortunes try
Their gallants do resort.

Faire Fidelia take this Ring,
Keep it in token of a better thing,
I am parting from thee,
Sweet heart thinke upon me,
Loves conceits do sweet contentments bring.
When thou seest me mounted brave
On my Steed,
That indeed
Is the thing that I would have,
Let the wild Boar be ware,
And savage Beare take care,
I make no doubt
To root them out
When I approach them neer,

Lusty Rurals of the North
Are now prepar'd and ready to march forth,
Thundering eccho's sounding,
Hills and dales rebounding,
Hounds and huntsmen of contagious worth,
Now the Stars give light again,
Which before
Did appear
And support great Charles his Wayne;
Since those sports I minde,
Ile not stay behinde,
Let day or Night
Be darke or light,
At length I shall them finde;

36

Her Anſwer, The ſecond part, To the ſame Tune.

Deareſt Love be not unkind,
To part with me and leave me here behind,
Whileſt that thou art wanting,
My heart will break with panting,
Never a minutes comfort ſhall I finde,
The wild Boar and ſavage Bear,
I do feare,
Will thee feare
When thou in their ſight appeare?
If that they do not miſſe,
Serpents they will hiſſe,
Then never go me,
But ſtay at home
And change the other kiſs.

In the Foreſt there are more
That ſeek thy fall, beſides the ugly Boar;
There's the ſtinging Vipers
There's the poyſoning Spiders,
There are Nilus Crocodils great ſtore.
There are Dragons whole ſtrong breath
In an hour
Will devoure,
And betray thee unto death:
Rather then do ſo,
I pray thee do not go:
Stay hear and try
A victory
With me thy friendly foe.

In the ſtead of Foreſts ſtrong,
I'le finde a fitter Cops for thee to range;
More ſtands a pleaſant Bed,
Soft Pillows for thy head,
Where thou and I will ſweet encounters change;
Now hunt and do not ſpare.
Venus game
Is the ſame
Will redound unto thy ſhare;
Try me as thou wilt,
Prove thy cheifeſt skill,
Do thou thy beſt
I'le do the reſt,
And ſo be for thee ſtill.

Take thy Ring and Bille again
For every one thou giv'ſt I'le give thee ten,
Ile thou no denial:
Put me to the triall,
Beauteous Ladies doth love courageous men,
Gentle Cupid bend thy bow,
Shoot a dart
at his heart,
That the Hunters all may know,
That he is mine by right,
My joy and hearts delight.
'Tis better kill
With me to bill,
Then with thy Boar to fight.

London Printed for *Francis Grove* on Snow Hill. And Entered according to Order.

The Hasty Bride-groom:

OR,

The rarest sport that ha h of late been tri'd,
Between a lusty *Bride-grome* and his *Bride.*

To the Tune of, *Bass his Carreer:* Or. *Bow Bells*

COme from ỹ Temple away to the Bed.
as ỹ Marchant transports home his trea-
Be not so coy Lady since we are wed, (sure
tis no sin to tast of the pleasure:
Then come let us be,
With merry and ire;
Upon my life all the Waiters are gon:
and 'tis so
that they know
where you go,
say not no,
For I mean to make bold with my owne.
What is't to me, though our hands joyned be,
if our bodies be still kept asunder,
Shall it be said, their goes a married Pair,
indeed we will have no such wonder;
Therefore let's imbrace,
There's non sees thy face,
The Bride-maids that waited are gone:
non can spy,
how you lye
here pany,
but I
For indeed jle make bold with my own.
Then come let us kiss & let us tast of that bliss
which brave Lords and Ladies enjoy'd,
If all Maids should be of the humour of thine,
Generation would soon be destroy'd;
Then where are those joys
The Sons and the Boys,
Wouldst thou live in the world so all alone,
don't dissemble,
but enjoy,
seem not coy,
for a toy,
For indeed jle make bold with my own.
Sweet Love do not frown, put off thy Gown,
tis a Garment unfit for the night,
Some say that black hath a relishing smak,
I had rather be dealing with white:
Then be not afraid,
For you are not betray'd,
Since we two are together alone:
I invite,
you this night,
to do right,
my delight,
Is forthwith to make bold with my own
Prettie begin don't relay but imploy,
for my humour I cannot prevent it,
You are too straight lac'd a gaunt Corset's so
undo it or I straight way will rend it (fast,
Or to end all the strife,
I'le cut it with my knife.
'Tis so long to stay til it is undone:
let thy waist,
be unlac'd,
and no hast,
be incurr'd,
For I long to be bold with my own.

FEel here on my hand, how you make me to
ſweat ready to ſtarve in the cold; (ſtand
O why ſhouldſt thou be, ſo hard-hearted to me
that loves the more dearer then Gold:
And as thou art fair,
Like fair Venus the Queen,
Moſt compleat in thy parts every one:
let me find,
that thy mind,
is inclin'd
to be kind;
So that I may make with my own.

As thou art fair, and more ſweet then the Air
that vailes on Julies brave Roſes.
Now let me be, to that Garden a Key,
which the Flowers of Virgins incloſes.
And I will not be,
Too rough unto thee,
For my nature unto mildneſs is prone;
be no leſſe,
but undreſſe
and imbrace,
all a pace.
For this night ile make bold with my own. 21

When I have found, thee temprate and ſound
thy ſweet breaſt I will take for my Pillow
'Tis great pitty I ſay, which newly married be
ſhould be forc'd to wear the green Willow:
We ſhall be bleſt,
And live ſweetly at reſt.
When we two are united in one,
with content,
and conſent,
I am bent,
my intent,
To this night to make bold with my own.

The Ladies Loving Reply.

WElcome dear Love, all ỹ powers above,
are well pleaſed at our happy meeting;
The heavens have decreed, and ỹ earth is agreed
that I ſhould imbrace my own ſweeting:
At Bed and at Board
Both in Deed and in word,
My affection to thee ſhall ſhown:
thou art mine,
I am thine,
let us ſoyne,
and combine,
Ile not bar thee from what is thy own.

Our Bride-bed is made, ỹ ſhalt be my conſtant
for to lodge in my arms all night.
Where thou ſhalt injoy being free from anoy
all the ſport wherein Love takes delight:
Our mirth ſhall be crown'd,
And our triumph renown'd:
Then ſweet-heart let thy valour be ſhown,
take thy will,
do thy will,
uſe thy skill,
welcome ſtill
why ſhouldſt thou not make bold with thy own

The Wives-groom and Bride with much joy on each
then together they to Bed both do go (ſide
But what they did there I do neither ſee nor
hear,
nor do not deſire to know,
But by Cupids wile,
They being well ſafe,
They made ſport by themſelves alone:
being pleaſed,
the eaſed,
be merry'd,
the ſatisfied,
Then he ſtoutly made bold with his own. Finis

London, Printed for Francis Grove dwelling on Snow-hill

The Discontented Lover.

To a pleasant new Court Tune.

TOule, toule, gentle bell for a foule,
Killing care doth controule,
And my minde is soze oppzest:
But I feare I shall ope
For a glance of that eye,
Which so late'y did spe
Like a Comet from the skye,
Or like some great Deity:
But my wishes are in vaine,
I shall never see't againe.

When I in the Temple did ippe
This divine purity,
On her looks to her Saint;
Shee seem'd so divine,
All her graces did shine
Farre more fairer than the shrine:
Faith I wish't she had beene mine,
And my heart full resigne,
Nay powerfully proue
No Religion like love.

Faire, faire, and as chast as the aire,
Whose breath in prayer,
Like Incense ascends divine;
Upon each eye hyope a teare,
Like the pearled violets were,
When the spring doth appeare
To usher in the yeare;
But I dare safely sweare
That those teares trickle downe
For no sins of her owne.

But woe encreaseth my woe,
I by no meanes can know
Where this beauty hath dwell:
All her rites being done
To her Lady and her Nonne,
I was left all alone,
And my Saint was from me gone,
And to Heaven (her is flowne,
Which makes me to say
I can scarce live a day.

Now I must make haste and hye,
And ascend to the skye
Where my hopes are inthron'd:
You Ladyes all adue,
Be your Loves false or true,
I am going to view
One that far excels all you,
One whom I never knew;
But must breath out my breath
For acquaintance in death.

The ſecond part; To the ſame tune. 38

RIng, ring, merry bels, while we ſing,
Drinking healths to our King,
And our minds all advanc'd;
Let us never feare to dye,
Till we drink out each eye,
Let cash and cans flye
Like hailestones from the skye,
Bacchus great Deity;
But my wishes are but vaine,
Fill the cans round againe.

When I in the Taverne did spye
Such faire bone company
On our knées drinking healths,
Wée looke so divine,
When our noses did shine
Well burnisht with rich Wine,
Faith I wisht the cup were mine:
Unto thee I resigne,
And may powerfully provide
In drinking thy love.

Free, free, as the aire let us be,
Esteeming no degree,
But to all breaths alike,
From one eye dropt a teare,
Left you Mauklin appeare,
And next morning do feare
To be phyſick'd with small beere;
But I dare lakely sweare
If a teare trickles downe,
'Tis for love to the Crowne.

But now encreaseth my woe,
I by all meanes must know
What is due for our Sack;
But the reckoning being paid
To the Hoſtes or Maid,
We need not be afraid
To be scurvily betrayd
To the Constables aide;
Let us honestly pay
Else we scarce get away.

Now must I make haste and see
What will us all free
All our hands from the bar;
Fare Ladyes all adieu,
We pour reckoning tells as true;
I am going for to view
What belongeth to all you,
Though we pay more then our due,
Yet my parte I will spend,
And my life for my friend.

Imprinted at London for Richard Harper, 1659.

An excellent new Ballad of the Birth and Paſsion, of our Saviour *Chriſt*.

To the tune of, Dulcina.

I Vry came to Jeru-ſalem,
(all the World was tax'd then)
Bleſſed Mary brought to Bethelem,
were then all the World agen:
A gift ſo bleſt
the god, the beſt
that ere was ſeen, was born on earth;
A King, a Chriſt,
to reſcue and to free,
a Jeſus, God, a Man, a Sonne.

Happy night, a day was never,
halfe ſo happy, I wiſh and ſweare:
Bringing Saluters, bleſſed ever,
all the day with ſweeteſt ayre.
Sweet'ning fears,
Dryes her teares,
yet bewilder, and aſtoniſh both to this bleſſed time:
Wonder him, behold,
all ſeem to ſee,
this night hath God himſelfe a Sonne.

Starre appeares a golden Pillour,
Heavenly attending on her fruition:
Whoſe bright ſo cannot could not out-blaze her,
Sunne, & ſtarre we're ſhone againe.
Shee ſmiles, it ſimpers,
Shee ſighes it ſighes
all eyes to wait her, what ſhee's to bring:
Shee brings forth
A bleſſed babe, a bleſſed ſonne,
Jeſus to us, to God a Sonne.

Subtill Herod ſought to find him,
with a purpoſe black as hell:
But a greater power confin'd him,
and his purpoſe did repell.
Who ſhould betray,
Doe all obey,
as fitting was it ſhould be done,
They all adore,
And kneele before
this God and Man, to God a Sonne.

'Twas upon a Comments blazing,
Cinna to Auguſtus ſaid,
This for thee was an act amazing,
for a Mother, ſtill a Maid,
A Babe ſhall beare,
That all muſt feare,
and ſuddenly it muſt be done,
Nay, Cæſar then
To him muſt bend,
he's God a Man, to God a Sonne.

Is not this a bleſſed number,
One to ſpeak, and ſpeak to Gods?
Fooliſh Jewes miſtake the thunder,
Wonder ſpeakes this thing abroad.
Angels they ſing,
Behold the King,
in Bethelem before this was borne:
Then for us they,
Reigne and ſtay,
we have a Saviour, God a Sonne.

The Fairy Queene.

Her invitation to thoſe Elves,
That in the night doe ſport themſelves,
Of them a juſt Character here,
Decipher'd is as't ſhall appeare.

To the tune of, *The Spaniſh Gypſies.*

COme follow follow me,
You Fairy Elves that be,
That trip it on the Green,
Come circle me your Queen,
Hand in hand wee'l dance a round,
For this place is Fairy ground.

Upon the dewy graſſe,
So nimbly we can paſſe,
Your young and tender ſtalke,
Here bends when we doe walke,
Yet in the morne it may be ſeene,
Where we the night before have been,

When mortalls are at reſt,
And ſnorting in their neſt,
Through Key-holes cloſe we ſlide,
Unheard or unſpy'd:
Over Tables ſtooles, and ſhelves,
We trip it with our Fairy Elves.

And if the houſe be foule,
Either platter, diſh, or bowle,
Up ſtaires we nimbly creep,
And finde the ſlutts aſleepe:
There we pinch their armes and thighs,
None doth beare, for none eſpies.

But if the houſe be ſwept,
And all things cleanly kept,
Wee pinche the houſhold Maid,
And ſurely ſhe is paid;
For 'tis our uſe before we goe,
To leave a Toſter in her ſhoe.

Upon a Paſtrompe head,
Our Table-cloth we ſpread,
The manchet that we eate,
Is a graine of Rye or wheat:
The pearly drops of dew we drinke,
In Acorne cups fill'd to the brinke.

The braines of Nightingales,
With the unctious dew of Snailes,
Between two Nutſhels ſtew'd,
Is meat that's eaſily chew'd:
The braine of Wrens the breſt of Spice
Doth make us feaſts of wondrous price.

The Graſhopper, Gnat, and Fly,
Our Muſitrels playes ſupply,
And with that a while,
Wee dos the time beguile:
And when the Moon doth hide her head,
The Glow-worme lights us to our bed.

YOu Airy ſpꝛights not a few,
Of Robin-good-fellowes crew,
Let's our old ſpoꝛts renew,
Untill the ſky look blew:
That moꝛtall men may know and ſee,
What cuning, merry, mad blades we be.

Ignis Fatuus firſt,
Among the Fairies nurſt,
By Travellers often curſt,
By putting them to the woꝛſt:
But they ſhall with amazement ſee,
What cunning, merry, &c.

Full many a jovtall ſparke,
I put beſide his marke,
As he walkes home thꝛough darke,
Thꝛough Foꝛeſt Gꝛove, oꝛ Parke;
Yet by a fained fire may ſee,
What cunning, &c.

A ſmall deluding light,
Pꝛeſents it ſelfe in ſight,
And leads him with delight,
Thꝛough uncouth paths all night,
All weary rent, and torn he'l ſee,
What cunning, &c.

'Tis called Will with a wiſpe,
But terme it what you liſt,
It is moſt manifeſt
That many men have miſt,
Their way thereby, and thus you ſee,
What cunning, &c.

Old Robin-good-fellow likewiſe,
In many a ſtrange diſguiſe,
Playes many an enterpꝛize,
To blind the peoples eyes,
In ſundꝛy ſhapes he'l let you ſee,
What cunning, &c.

Poor gallants that venture faire,
To ſteale either hoꝛſe oꝛ Mare,
Them in that ſhape he'l beare,
Thꝛough water, earth and mire,
In wet and dirty caſe they ſee,
What cunning &c.

Sometimes to them he appeares,
A fat Weather, which he that beares,
Were as good to loſe his eares,
Foꝛ with toꝛmenting feares,
The burthens vaniſht then they ſee,
What cunning, &c.

Sometimes he ſubtily jeeres,
Night-walking waſtreatꝛeſſes,
When like a man he appeares,
And them to the Conſtable beares,
Then in Bride-well they ſcale and ſee,
What cunning, &c.

Thus Robin and the reſt,
Not needfull to be expꝛeſt,
(In humane feature deſt)
Play many a merry jeſt;
And Theeves upon the Gallowes ſee,
What cunning, &c.

Foꝛ when they have loſt the game,
Then thus they vse exclaime,
The Devill ought me a ſhame,
And now he has paid the ſame;
All ſuch as theſe with ſcorne ſhall ſee,
What cunning, &c.

Theſe things and moꝛe he'le,
Might here be ſpecifi'd,
But let the caſe be try'd,
Our Pen-man hath not ly'd,
Foꝛ moꝛtals by experience ſee,
What cuning, merry, mad blades we be.

FINIS.

Printed for Edw. Wright in Gilt-ſpur-ſtreet.

The valorous Acts performed at Gaunt, by the brave bonny Lasse Mary Ambre; Who in revenge of her Lovers death, did play her part most gallantly.

To the tune of, the Blind beggar,

When Captain couragious, whom deeth could not daunt,
Had roundly besiged the City of Gaunt,
And manly they marched by two and by three,
But the formost in battell was mary Ambree.

Thus being inforced to fight with their foes.
On each side most fiercely they seemed to close,
Each one fought for honour in every degree,
But none so much won it as mary Ambree.

When brave Serjeant Major was slain in the fight,
Which was her own true Love, her joy and delight
She swore unrevenged his blood should not be,
Was not this a brave bonny Lasse, mary Ambree.

She clothed her selfe from the top to the toe,
With Buffe of the bravest most seemly to show:
A fair shirt of Male over that slipped she'
Was not this a braue bonny Lasse, mary Ambree.

A Helmet of preese she put on her head,
A strong armed Sword she girt on her side:
A faire goodly Gantlet on her right hand wore she,
Was not this a brave bonny Lasse, mary Ambree.

Then took she her Sword and her Target in hand;
And called all those that would be of her Band,
To wait on her person ther came thousands three
Was not this a brave bonny Lasse, mary Ambree.

Before you shall perish the worst of you all,
Or come to any danger of enemies thrall:
This hand and this life of mine shall set you free,
Was not this a brave bonny Lasse, mary ambree;

The Drums & the Trumpets did sound out alarme
And many a hundred did lose leg and arme:
And many a thousand she brought on their knee;
Was not this a brave bonny Lasse, mary Ambree;

THe skie she then filled with smoak of her shot
And her enimies bodies with bullets most hot
For one of her owne men a score killed she,
Was not this a brave bonny Lasse, Mary Ambree?

But then her false Gunner did spoyle her intent.
Her Powder and Bullets away he had sent:
And then with her weapon she slasht him in three.
Was not this a brave bonny Lasse, Mary Ambree?

Then took she her Castle where she did abide,
Her enimies besiged on every side,
To beate downe her Castle walles they did agree,
And all was to overcome Mary Ambree?

Then took she her Sword and Target in hand
And upon her brave Castle walls stoutly did stand,
So daring the Captains to match any three,
And what a brave Captaine was Mary Ambee?

At her then they smiled not thinking in heart,
That she could have performed so valorous a part:
The one said to the other we shortly shall see,
This gallant brave Captaine before us to flee,

Why, who doe you think me or take me to be,
Quoth these brave Souldiers so valient spake she?
A Knight Sir of England and Captain quoth they
Whom shortly we meane to take prisoner away.

No Captain of England beheld in your sight,
Two breast in one bosom and therefore no Knight:
No Knight Sir of England, nor Captain quoth she,
But even a poore bonny Lasse, Mary Ambree.

But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare;
That hast made us thus spend our armor in vain,
The like in our times we never did see,
And therefore we'l honour brave Mary Ambree.

The Prince of great Parma heard of her renown,
Who long had advanced for Englands faire Crown,
In token he sent her a Glove and a Ring,
And said she should be his Bride at his wedding.

Why ho doth he thinke me or take me to be,
Though he be a Prince, and of great dignity,
It shall never be said in England so free,
That a stranger did marry with mary Ambree.

Then unto faire England she back did returne,
Still holding the Foes of brave England in scorne,
In valour no woman was ever like she,
Was not this a brave bonny Lasse Mary Ambree?

In this womans praises Ile here end my Son
Whose heart was approved in valour most
Let all sorts of people what ever they be
Sing forth the great valours of Mary Am

London Printed for William Gilbertson in Gilespur-street.

The Lamenting Ladies laſt farewell to the World.

VVho being in a ſtrange Exile, bewailes her own Miſery, complains upon Fortune and Deſtiny, deſcribes the manner of her breeding, deplores the loſſe of her Parents, wiſhing Peace and happines to *England*, which was her native Country, and withal reſolved for death chearfully, commended her ſoule to heaven, and her body to the earth, and quietly departed this life. *Anno* 1650.

To an excellent new Tune, called, *Oh hone, O hone.*

MOurnfull Melpomeny,
aſſiſt my quill,
That I may penſively
now make my will:
Guide thou my hand to write
And ſences to indite,
A Ladyes laſt good-night.
oh pity me.

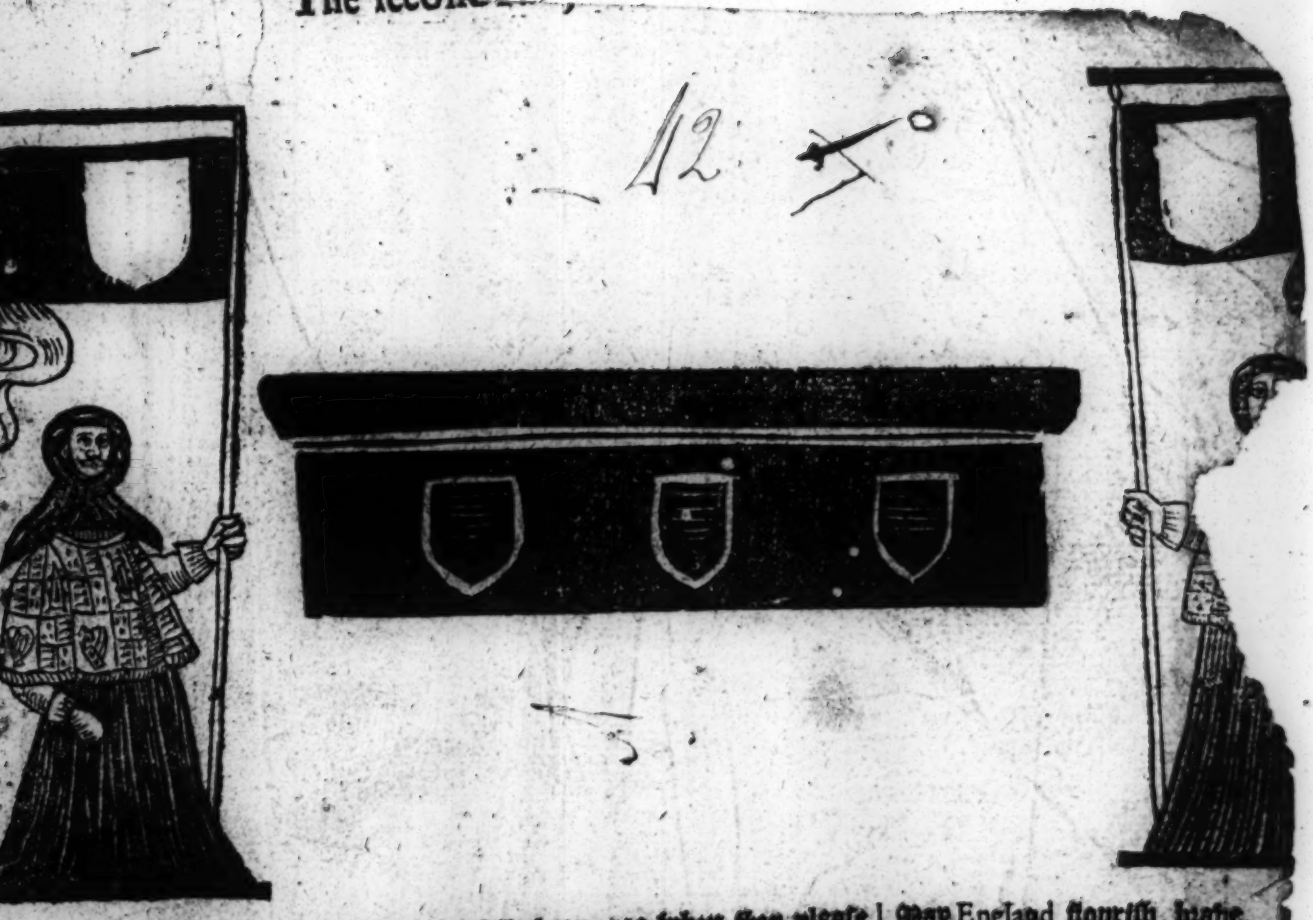
I that was nobly born
hither am ſent,
Like to a wretch forlorn,
here to lament.
In this moſt ſtrange exile,
Here to remaine a while.
Till heaven be pleas'd to ſmile
and ſend for me.

My friends cannot come nigh
me in this place,
Nor bear me company,
ſuch is my caſe:

For I, am left alone,
But few regard my mone,
All my delights are gone,
heaven ſuccour me,

Each day with cares and fears,
I am perplext.
My drink is drunk with tears,
with ſorrow mixt.
When others ſoundly ſleep,
I ſadly ſob and weep
Oppreſt with dangers deep
Lord comfort me.

When England flouriſhed,
my Parents deer,
Tenderly nouriſhed
me many a year,
I was advanc'd on high,
In place of dignity,
In golden bravery
they decked me.



My garments drest with pearl richly approved,
Never was English girle better beloved,
Old and young, great and small
Waited upon my call:
I had the love of all
that did know me.

But from my former state
I am cal'd back.
Through destiny and fate,
all goes to wrack.
Fortune did lately frown,
And caught me by the Crowne,
So pull'd me head-long down.
oh woe is me.

My deer friends are decay'd,
which lov'd me best.
Never was harmelesse maid
so much distrest:
My Father he is dead,
My Mother banished
All joyes are from me fled
Heaven comfort me.

How wel are they at ease,
And sweetly blest,
That may goe when they please
and when they list,
To see their Parents kind,
As nature doth them bind,
Such joyes I cannot finde.
Ah woe is me.

All earthly helps are gone,
I will and must
Onely in God alone
Put my whole trust.
O blessed Trinity,
One God and persons three,
Release my misery.
and comfort me.

No creature on the earth,
can ease my grieke,
Until such time as death
yeeld me releise.
A coffin and a grave,
Is that which I would have.
Sweet Christ my soule receive
and succour me.

My Enemyes that bee
both great and small,
God Lord I pray to thee
forgive them all.

May England flourish brave,
When I am laid in grave,
So thus I take my leave
Christ calls for me.

I have in heaven a bode
a place prepared.
Never shal I remove
from thence afterward,
Go tole my passing-bell,
Whilst Angells ring my knell,
So bane world now farewel,
Christ sends for me.

When she these words had said
with chearful heart
The noble minded maid.
then did depart.
No doubt her soules at rest
With them whom God hath b
The last words she exprest
was, Christ calls for me.

London Prin ed for Tho: P
in the Old-Baily at th
signe of the Angel.

FINIS.

The Tragedy of *Phillis*, complaining of the disloyall love of AMINTAS. To a new Court tune.

AMintas on a Summers day,
to shun Apollo's beames,
Was driving of his flocks away,
to taste some cooling streames:
And through a Forrest as he went,
hard by a Rivers side,
A voyce which from a Grove was sent
invited him to bide.

The voyce well seem'd for to bewray
some male-contented mind,
For oftimes did he hearers say,
ten thousand times unkind:
The remnant of that raging mone
did all escape his eare,
For every word brought forth a grone,
and every grone teare.

And neerer when he did repaire,
both face and voyce he knew,
He saw that Phillis was come there,
her plaints for to renew:
Thus leaving her unto her plaints,
and sorrow-flaking grones,
He heard her deadly discontents,
thus all breake forth at once.

Amintas, is my love to thee,
of such a light account,
That thou disdain'st to looke on me,
or love as thou wert wont?
Were those the oaths that thou didst make,
the vowes thou didst conceive,
When I for thy contentments sake,
mine hearts delight did leave?

How oft didst thou protest to me,
the heavens should turne to nought,
The Sun should first obscured be,
ere thou wouldst change thy thought?
Then heaven dissolve without delay,
Sun shew thy face no more,
Amintas love is lost for aye,
and woe is me therefore.

Well might I, if I had beene wise,
foreseene what now I find,
But too much love did fill mine eyes,
and made my judgement blind:
But ah, alas! th'effect doth prove,
thy drifts are but deceit,
For true and unfeigned love,
will never turne to hate.

All thy behaviours were (God knowes)
too smooth and too discreet,
Like Sugar which impoysoned growes,
suspect because it's sweet:
Thine oaths and vowes did promise more
Then well thou couldst performe,
Much like a calme that comes before
an unexpected storme.

God knowes it would grieve me much
for to be kil'd for thee.
But oh! too neere it doth me touch,
that thou shouldst murder me:
God knowes I care not for the paine
can come for losse of breath,
Tis thy unkindnesse cruell Swaine,
that grieves me to the death.

Amintas tell me if thou may,
if any fault of mine,
Hath given thee cause thus to betray
mine hearts delight and thine?
No, no, alas, it could not be,
my love to thee was such,
Unlesse that if I urged thee,
in loving thee too much.

But ah, alas! what doe I gaine,
by these my fond complaints?
My dolour doubles thy disdaine,
my griefe thy joy augments:
Although it yeeld no greater good,
it oft doth ease my mind,
For to reproach th'ingratitude
of him who is unkind.

With that her hand cold, wan, and pale,
upon her brest she layes,
And seeing that her breath did faile,
she sighes and then she sayes;
Amintas, and with that poore Maid,
she sigh'd againe full sore,
That after that she never said,
nor sigh'd, nor breath'd no more.

FINIS.

M. A.

The complaint of the Shepheard *Harpalus*

To a pleaſant new tune.

POore Harpalus, oppreſt with loue,
ſate by a Chryſtall Brooke,
Thinking his ſorrowes to remoue,
oftttimes therein did looke:
And hearing how on pibble ſtones,
the murmuring Riuer ran,
As if it had bewaild his grons,
unto it thus began:

Faire ſtreames (quoth he) that pitties me,
and heares my matchleſſe mone,
If thou be going to the Sea,
as I doe now ſuppone:
Attend my plaints paſt all reliefe,
which dolefully I breath
Acquaint the Sea-nymphs with the griefe
which ſtill procures my death.

Who ſitting in the cliffy Rocks,
may in their ſongs expreſſe,
While as they combe their golden locks,
poore Harpalus diſtreſſe:
And ſo perhaps ſome Paſſenger,
that paſſeth by the way,
May ſtay and liſten for to heare,
them ſing this dolefull Lay.

Poore Harpalus a Shepheard ſwaine,
more rich in youth than ſore,
Lou'd faire Philena, hapleſſe man,
Philena, oh therefore!

Who ſtill remorceleſſe hearted Maid,
tooke pleaſure in his paine,
And his good will, poore ſoule, repaid
with undeſerv'd diſdaine.

Were Shepheard loued Shepheardeſſe
more faithfully then he,
Were Shepheard yet beloued leſſe
of Shepheardeſſe could be:
How oft did he with dying lookes,
to her his woes impart?
How oft his ſighes did teſtifie
the dolour of his heart?

How oft from Valleys to the Hills,
did he his griefe rehearſe?
How oft re-ecchoed they his ills,
aback againe (alas?)
How oft on Barkes of ſtately Pines,
of Beech, of Holly-greene,
Did he ingraue in mournfull lines,
the griefe he did ſuſtaine?

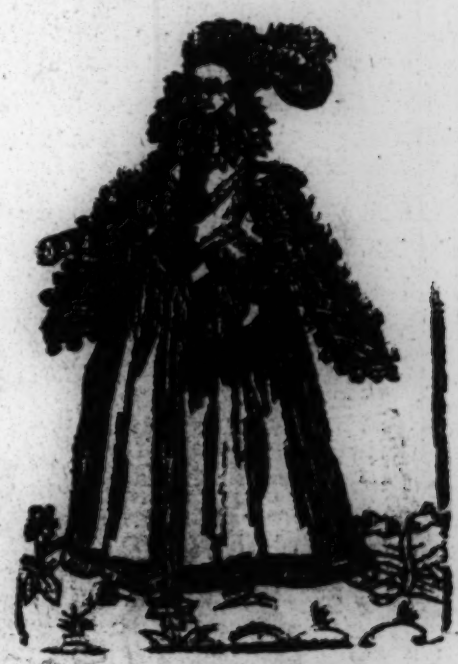
Yet all his plaints could haue no place,
to change Philena's mind,
The more his ſorrowes did increaſe,
the more ſhe prou'd unkind:
The thought thereof with wearied eyes
poore Harpalus did view,
That ouercome with high deſpaire,
he loſt both life and loue. Finis.

London, Printed by *E. P.* for *Francis Coles* in the Old-Bayley.

AND

Margery her ſinging loath to depart,
Being very unwilling to leave her ſweet-heart.

To the tune of, *Ile goe through the world with thee.*



Man.

SWeet Margery I am preſt to the Sea,
with Gold and Silver in my hand:
I come to take my leave of thee,
and bid adieu to faire England.

Maid.

But wilt thou be gone my Hony ſweet,
and muſt I loſe thy Company,
ye thinkes for thee it is not meet,
to leave thy dearelt Margery.

Man.

Sweet Margery I muſt needs be gone,
alas there is no remedy:
But be I in company or alone,
Ile never forget my Margery.

Maid.

I would thou could'ſt thy Voyage excuſe,
for I am loath to part from thee.
When thy ſweet preſence I do loſe,
I ſhall be a ſorrowfull Margerie.

Man.

I prethee be not grieved ſo,
but take my abſence patiently,
For wheresoever I come or go,
my heart remaines with Margery.

Maid.

A Bird in the hand's worth 2 in the buſh,
and when thou once art gone from me:
I doubt thou wilt not care a ruſh,
what doth become of thy Margerie.

Man.

I prethée don't conjecture thus,
nor queſtion my true conſtancy,
The Gordian Knot which tyeth us;
Ile never breake from my Margery.

Maid. (true,

Well, if I thought thou would'ſt prove
and beare a faithfull heart to me:
No Sorrowes I would bid adieu,
as thou tak'ſt leave of thy Margery.

Man.

Do not miſ-doubt my love at all,
nor vex thy head with jealouſie,
What chance ſoever doth befall,
ſle never forſake my Margerie.

Maid.

Excuſe if I judged wrong,
it is my tender love to thée,
Leaſt when thou haſt bin abſent long,
thou might forget thy Margerie.

Man.

That can I never for my life,
for I am thine unſtill I dye:
And if I ever do marry a wife,
it ſhall be my ſweet Margery.

Maid,

I prethée do that before we part,
that ſorrowfull day might I but ſée,
I would ſet all ſorrowes from my heart,
and none ſo blithe as Margerie.

Man.

BE not ſo haſty rather ſtay,
for at this time it cannot bee,
I muſt aboard this preſent day,
and leave my ſweeteſt Margerie.

Maid.

Then take from me a parting-kiſſe,
this poynt about thine armes Ile tye.
And when thou look'ſt upon thy wriſt,
then thinke upon thy Margery.

Man.

This poynt I will eſteeme more deare,
then all the jewells I ſhall ſee:
Pluck up thy heart and be of good cheare,
till I returne to my Margerie.

Maid.

When you do walke in the Spaniſh ſtreet,
and many Gallants paſſe you by,
Your Chamber locks and ſmocke ſweet,
then you'le forget your Margerie.

Man.

I prethee harpe not on that ſtring,
theſe words doth touch my heart full nye.
For I eſteeme no worldly thing,
ſo much as I do ſweet Margery.

Maid.

O ſweet-Love forgive that word unkind,
'twas ſpoke thy patience but to try,
For I am perſwaded in my mind,
thou lov'ſt no Laſſe but Margerie.

Man.

I have ſeven Ships upon the Sea,
and all are laden to the brim,
I am ſo inflam'd with Love of thee,
I care not whether they ſinke or ſwim.

Maid.

Henceforth ile ne're miſtruſt thee more,
nor queſtion thy true Loyalty,
Where ever thou art on Sea or Shore,
thou'lt thinke upon thy Margery.

Man:

If any Knight or Gentleman,
do paſſe the Seas to my Country,
Ile write a Letter with mine owne hand,
and ſend it ſafe to Margery.

Maid.

O, how I ſhall that Letter kiſſe,
ſo ſoone as ever I it ſpie,
It would preſent a world of bliſſe,
unto thy loving Margery.

Man.

Margery ile a gallant proove,
and for thy ſake my valour try,
Though all my kin ſeeke to remove,
my thoughts from my ſweet Margery.

Maid.

If I had wiſht before I had kiſt,
that love had bin ſo deare to win,
My heart I would, have claſ'd in gold,
and pin'd it with a ſilver pin.

Man:

The time ſweet Margery calls away,
I now muſt leave thy company:
For time and tide for none will ſtay,
once more farewell ſweet Margery.

maid.

Once more Ile kiſſe thy ſugured lips,
and take thy abſents patiently:
Heaven proſper thee and thy ſeven Ships,
and ſend thee ſafe to Margery.

Finis.

Printed at London by J. H. for Francis Coles, dwelling in the Old-Bailey.

The Vertuous Maids Reſolution: Or, the two honeſt Lovers

Shewing what unconſtant men there be, that uſe deceit and flattery;
They'l cog, diſſemble, ſwear, and lie, a harmeleſs Maidens love to try,
To all ſuch Lovers ſhe'l be coy, and ſays her freedom's all her joy.

To a pleaſant new Tune, or *I am a poor and harmleſs Maid.*

IN melancholy paſſion I
was walking by a Rivers ſide,
A gallant Damſell I did ſpy,
a Lute ſhe had lay by her ſide,
Which up ſhe took, did ſing and play
That in her freedome was all her joy,
O in my freedom's all my joy.

I ſtept aſide becauſe I'de hear
the full concluſion of her Song,
Her Muſick raviſh'd ſo mine ear,
upon the ground I lay along.
Then did ſhe ſing and ſweetly play
O in my &c.

I am a young and harmleſs maid,
and ſome are pleas'd to ſtile me fair,
There's no man yet hath any bulb laid,
to catch me but I broke the ſnare.
What though they count me nice and coy
yet in my freedom's all my joy.

Moſt young men have alluring words
par'ſtly Paidens to betray,
Such complements they can afford,
that we can hardly ſay them nay.
But let them term me nice and coy
O in my freedom's, &c.

With oaths and Proteſtations great
ſometimes they ſeek to try their skill,
When all the while they mean deceit,
for to obtain their wanton will.
And ſeek their utmoſt to deſtroy,
Our freedom and our chiefeſt joy,
for in my, &c.

With amorous words and ſpeeches fair
they'l promiſe that they ne're will do,
But of ſuch youngſters I'le beware,
for fear I afterwards ſhould rew.
What though they count me nice and coy,
yet in my, &c.

Alluring baits like wiſe they have,
as Silver-Bodkins, Gloves and Rings;
With Girdles, Scarfs, and Jewells brave,
and many other coſtly things:
But thoſe ſilver Hooks ſhall ne're deſtroy,
my freedom, &c.

Whatſoever they give me, talk or ſay,
I'le ne're believe them e're the more,
Their ſmoothing words ſhal not me betray,
I'le ſtand to what I ſaid before,
Although they count me nice and coy
yet in my, &c.

Yet I could quickly be in love,
if I an honeſt man could find,
That would once true and conſtant prove,
and not be wavering like the wind.
Until ſuch time I will be coy,
for in my freedom's all my joy.

The Second Part to the ſame Tune.

HEre in this ſecond part you'l find,
a Husband pleaſing to her mind,
This vertuous Maid hath now obtain'd,
though long, at laſt her love was gain'd
She ſaith her Husband ſhe'l obey,
and in his Love ſhall be her joy,
And in his Love, &c.

And thus ſhe did conclude her Song,
which having done I up did riſe,
My heart was ſtruck with love ſo ſtrong,
her beauty dazled ſo mine eyes,
My freedom then ſhe did deſtroy,
for in her love &c.

When ſhe ſpy'd me where I was,
ſhe roſe and would no longer ſtay,
I ſtept unto her then becauſe
my heart ſhe bore with her away,
Fair maid ſaid I, do not deſtroy,
my freedom, &c.

She bluſhing then to me did ſay,
I do deſire no company;
Fair Maid ſaid I, O ſay not nay,
to him that means no flattery,
You have my heart O be not coy
in you is all my earthly joy.

What heart ſaid I, few words I uſe,
but what I ſpeak is from my heart,
I ſcorn your vertues to abuſe,
then grant me love ere I depart,
Your freedom I will not deſtroy,
for in your love is all my joy.

With that ſhe took me by the hand,
and led me up by the River ſide,
If that you true and conſtant prove,
quoth ſhe, perhaps Ile be your Bride.
Then oh her Lute did ſing and play,
be conſtant and I'le be thy joy.

I then made bold to crave a kiſs,
which modeſtly ſhe to me gave,
I took it for a heavenly bliſs,
her comly geſture was ſo brave.
I thought it long to ſee the day,
wherein I might my love enjoy.

But to conclude we married were,
I have obtain'd a vertuous Bride,
And at the laſt I brought to paſs
what ſhe to others had deny'd,
Although at firſt ſhe ſeemed coy,
ſhe calls me now her love and joy.

Young men and maids where ere you be,
that hear this ſong, I do wiſh you learn
A pattern by our Civility,
then Lovers true you may diſcern.
For them that ſeek for to deſtroy,
your freedom, &c.

Vertue beyond all beauty goes,
but he that gains them both its rare,
Onely for wealth let no man chuſe,
for conſtant love is hard to come,
A vertuous wife will ne're deſtroy
your freedom, but ſhall be your joy.

Printed for Richard Burton.

The Traytors downfal,

O R,

A breif relation of the downfal of that Phanatick crew, who Trayterously *M*urthered the Late Kings Majesty of blessed memory.

The Tune is, *Fa la la, &c.*

COme hither to me and I will declare
with a fa la la la lalero.
How cruel hearted Tyrants are,
with la, &c
To those that did presume so high,
To murder our good Kings Majesty,
But may these Rebbels howl and cry,
with a fa fa la la lalero.

Ye was a Prince of courage stout,
with a fa, &c.
Although his glass was soon run out,
with a, fo, &c.
But behind him he hath left a Noble stock,
May give a Traytor a handsome knock,
For to bring a King to submit to the block,
with a, fa, &c.

The blood[illegible]rlost as I suppose,
with a[illegible]c.
Cau[illegible]se in Olivers nose,
His rousing Nose did bear such a sway,
It cast such a heat in shining ray,
That England scarce knew the night from the day
with a fa, &c.

Oliver was of Huntington,
with a fa, &c.
Born he was a Brewers son,
with a fa, &c.
He saw for sook his dray and tings, (thing
And counted a Brewers house a pittiful
Then he came to the stately throne of a (King,
with a fa, &c,

Oliver had a heart of gall,
with a fa, &c.
For to Murder his Prince at White-hall,
with a fa, &c.
He swore whoever was over the maine,
Whether a French King or a Spain,
Yet in England no King should remain,
with a fa, &c.

Duke Humphery was the first Protector
with a fa, &c.
Henry the first the next Protector,
with a fa, &c.
Then thirdly Oliver he took place,
But Lucifer soon removed his grace,
Then he set up young Dick the son of his (race
with a fa, &c.

No sooner was Dick got up to the throne,
with a fa, &c.
But he considered twas none of own
with a fa, &c.
And staring this way and that way about.
Desiring to be resolved a doubt
Then in came Lambert and turnd him out
with a fa, &c.

Fleetwood desirous of the place
with a fa, &c.
Sent forth Lambert the Scot to face,
with a fa, &c.
And being in the strenght of his desire,
When he did think poor Socky to tyer,
His men forsook him and left him in the mier
with a fa, &c.

Thus you may see holy some do rise,
with a fa, &c.
With an intent to surmount the skies,
with a fa, &c.
But when they are up they shall have a fall,
Witness Fleetwood blind Hewson and all
The ragged rout of a Coblers stall,
with a fa, &c.

We'l clear Whitehall of Lobsters & Geese
with a fa, &c.
Turn Rumps and Rotten out of the house
with a fa, &c.
We'l bring in Chris from over the main,
make wars with France & peace with Spain
Then we shall have mony and trading again
with a fa, &c.

Citizens look to your selves I say,
with a fa, &c.
Let no Coblers preach and pray,
with a fa, &c. (ther
Tom Cobler is flown the Lord knows whi-
Fleetwood and he I hope are together,
Now we have brought in the King and we'll
with a fa, &c. (have fair weather

Blind Hewson was not of our kind,
with a fa, &c
To run away and leave his men behind,
with a fa, &c.
But I wish I could find him by the rent
there's neither ye law nor ye rump parliament
Should save him from death to give no con-
with a fa la lal a lalero. tent,

A List of the names of those Traytors that w
ed, drawn, and quartered for murdring th
veraign of blessed memory, Charls the Fi

Thomas Harison, John Carew, Tho. S
ory Clement, John Jones, Adrian Scroo
Petets, John Cook, Col. Axtel, Col. Hac

Printed for *J. Andrews*, and *J. Garroway*, and are to be sold at the White-Lyon near Py

The Maids Chaſtity that is troubled in mind,
Againſt Young-mens unconſtancy, who proveth unkind:
She gives warning to all Maidens that are in the Row,
To take heed of falſe young men whereſoere they goe.

To a pleaſant new Tune.

YOu young Maids that would live
And live ſingle and not marry, (chary
Nor contract your ſelves to none,
For the Maid is the beſt that lies alone.

Cupid, Cupid, thou haſt done me wrong
I have been thy ſervant now ſo long.
My heart was never free from care,
Since I was intangled in thy ſnare.

In thy ſnare I have been fettered,
And often have my buſineſſe letted,
In following after Venus train,
But the Maid is the beſt that lies alone.

Young-men they will cog and lye,
Maidens they may weep and cry,
Truth and Conſcience they uſe none,
But the Maid is the beſt that lies alone.

In this breaſt a heart I bear,
It's none of mine, I wiſh it were,
Once it was mine, if I could but a kept it,
But now where it is, it's not reſpected.

Now I hope to have my heart again,
And keep it faſt from Venus Chain,
Lock it in this breaſt of my own,
But the Maid is the beſt that lies alone.

When I have gain'd it ſafe again,
Then I am free from all Young-men,
And never like to make this moan,
But live a ſingle Maid alone.

Love is a torment, who can abide it, (it
who better knows than them y has try'd
I count her a mad Woman that, (will,
That ſeeks for to humour a young-mans

The ſecond part to the ſame tune.

YOung-men they be much blinded.
Daily to know a Maidens mind,
Maidens do not believe them if they ſwear,
Leſt after they leave you in a ſnare.

But try their hearts and if you can,
Before that you love any Man,
Love it is fond and fickle ſtill.
Then do not humour a yonng-mans will.

If a Lover be humoured in his condition,
Then he pleads with a ſtrong Commiſſion,
To get his intention if he can,
The Maid is the beſt that lies alone.

For in lying alone there's no harm taken.
And being of an unconſtant Love forſaken.
Is better than Gold and Silver ſtore,
If that ſhe do never ſee him more.

A Maid that lives in an honeſt carriage,
Muſt be careful in her Marriage,
Young-men are ſo deceitful grown;
The Maid is the beſt that lies alone.

True Lovers knot may ſoon be tyed.
And a Maid to ſoon may be made a Bride,
That's not all in the concluſion ſhown,
But the Maid is the beſt that lies alone.

There is many things for to conſider.
If a Man and a Woman goe together:
If Love be wanting between them twain,
She had better ſtill to lie alone.

When they come to a Maid a woing.
They mak no conſcience of their doing,
But uſe all the deceit that ever they can,
But the Maid is the beſt that lies alone.

There is falſe young-men in my mind,
Some proves groſſe, and ſome proves kind,
I will not condemn them all for one,
The Maids are beſt that lies alone.

Now I would have you conſider my ſong.
I write to Maids ſir do them no wrong
And ſtill I do tell them every one.
The Maid is the beſt that lies alone.

London, Printed for *Richard Burton* at the ſign of the Horſhoe in *Smithfield*.

The mournfull Shepherdeſſe of Arcadiah.

OR,

The ſolitary ſollitudes of the matchleſſe Shepherdeſſe:

Whoſe earthly joy did ſhine with luſter bright,
But now's eclips'd and turn'd to diſmall night;

The Tune is, Tell me you wandring Spirits, &c.

Aſſiſt me Muſes with your power divine,
to portract out the ſable plaints of mine,
Melpomeny direct my warbling quill,
Deſcending down from high Parnaſſus hill
And ſing in queers a heavenly harmony
Whilſt I, whilſt I for want of Clora fain would die.

I was a Shepherdeſſe of beauty, bright and fair
Indu'd with graces, honours paſſing rare,
And as the Phenix is more excellent,
Then all the birds under the firmament,
So was I counted, though I live forlorn
My joyes, my joyes are all tranſpos'd which makes me mourn

I flouriſh'd like the lovely Mary-gold,
Or damaſhe Roſes beauteous to behold,
Whilſt luſtrous Phœbus with his ſplendor bright,
Did ſpread our bloſſomes with his glorious light,
Such operations had the powerfull ſun,
But now, but now it is diſſolv'd, my joyes are don.

The rurall Swaines that were our friendly Mates
That knew our bliſſe, our joyes, and happy ſtates,
Unfainedly in hearts they did rejoyce,
To hear my Clora's ſweet melodious voice,
His oaten reed did ſound with pleaſant glee,
But now, but now my joyes is turn'd to miſery,

With ſilver tones, his Wag-pipes chanted ſhrill
(In height of glory on Parnaſſus hill,)
Whoſe harmony delighted all the Swaines,
That us'd to ſport upon the lovely plains,
With dancing Galliards, Jigges, and Roundelayes,
And none, and none but Clora, Clora got the praiſe

When ſcorching Tytan with his burning beames,
In midſt of Summer was upon extreames;
Then to the green woods ſhoe he did convey
His pretty Lambs and Sheep to feed and play,
This was his care whilſt Clora he did keep
In fields, in fields his tender flock, & harmeles ſheep.

The ſecond part to the ſame Tune

When bluſtering Boreas from the North blew (cold
Then did he pen them ſafely in their Fold
And when that Winters bitter tempeſt came
His zealous care was to prevent the ſame,
But Clora's gone, unto another Sphear,
Inſtal'd, inſtal'd a Saint or bleſſed ſpirit there.

And ſince he's gone, whilſt I am left alone,
The Rurall Swaines, with heavy ſighs and moan
Do ſeem to call him to his place again,
But Oh alas, their wiſhes are in vain;
The harmleſſe ſheep, do ſeem to mourn and pinh,
Though he, though he, inveſted is with Saints divine

Our pretty Lambs are straging gone aſtray,
(who wants a guide muſt ſurely loſe his way)
The waters troubled where our Heards did drink
And want that vertue to expell the ſtink,
His Crook and Scrip he left behind we ſee
For heaven, for heaven & glorious joyes more rarer (be.

My whiſtling Black-bird, and the Nightingale,
Whoſe ſilver tones were ſtil'd heroical,
The Queriſters both of the Woods and Fields,
Whoſe harmony melodious muſick yields,
They'r metamorphoriz'd into ſighs and cries,
Beſides, beſides the Swan that ſings now mourning (dies.

And I in pleaſant ſtory to have read,
That when the Turtle Dove is gone and dead
The Mate lives ſingle in a mournfull ſtate,
So will I doe till death ſtrikes out my date,
In ſollitudes, and penſive heart excel, (well:
Then ſhall, then ſhall the world confeſſe I lov'd him

Oh that my date were out, my time were nere
That I might meet him whom I love ſo deer,
In high Olimpus heavens celeſtial throne
(A place prepar'd for bleſſed Saints alone.)
The world is ſin, and naughty beſide,
O that, O that my death had been when Clora died.

FINIS. A. S.

London printed for Fran. Grove on Snow-hill.

Love lies a Bleeding.

By whose mortal wounds you may soon understand,
What sorrows wee suffer since Love left the Land.
To the Tune of, The Cyclops.

LAy by your pleading
Love lies a bleeding, (your reading,
Burn all your Poetry, and throw away
Piety is painted
and Truth is tainted (Saints
Love is a Reprobate, and Sathan now is
the Throne Love doth sit on,
wee daily do spit on, (Britain.
It was not thus, I wus, when Betty rul'd in
but friendship hath falter'd
Loves Altars are alter'd (were halter'd
And he that is the cause, I would his neck

When Love did nourish,
England did flourish, (so currish.
Of late help hate came in, and made us all
now every Widgeon
talks of Religion, (Pigeon
But doth as little good as Mahomet and's
each Coxcomb is suiting,
his words for confuting. (by disputing
but heaven's sooner gaind by suffering than
true friendship was smother,
and strike at our Brother, (another.
Apostles never went to God by killing one

Let Love but warm you,
Nothing can harm you. (the Army
When love is General, there's Angels in
Love keeps his Quarters,
and fears no Tortures (of Martyrs
The bravest fights are written in the book
could wee be so civil,
to do good for evil, (the Devil,
It were the onely happy way to overcome
the flowers Love hath watered.
Sedition hath scattered
We talk with tongues of holiness, but act
(with hearts of hatred
He that doth know mee,
and Love will show me (come me
Hath found the nearest, noblest way to over-
he that hath bound me,
and then doth wound me. (confound me,
Wins not my heart, he doth not conquer but
in such a condition
Love is a Physician. (Politician.
True Love and Reason makes the purest
but strife and confusion
deceit and delusion (and conclusion.
Though it seems to thrive at first will make

The ſecond part, To the ſame Tune

Love is a Iewel,
A pretious Iewel, (fights the duel.
'Tis Love muſt ſtanch the blood, when fury
Love is a Bloud-ſtone,
hate is a Load-ſtone, (Load-ſtone
Heaven is the North-point, and Love is the
though fury and ſtorm
Loves Temples have torn. (to pieces.
He'l keep his Covenant and will not bee
his Laws do not border,
on Rifle and diſorder, (Murder.
He ſcorns to get his wealth by periury or

What falſe-hood drew in,
Grace never grew in (ruine,
Love will not raiſe himſelf upon anothers
hee can preſent yee
with peace and plenty (of twenty,
love never advanceth one by throwing down
where Love is in ſeaſon
there Truth is, and reaſon (treaſon,
The ſoul of Love is never underlaid with
he never doth quarrel
for Princely apparel. (barrel.
Nor ever ſet a Chair of State upon a

Love from the dull pit
Of follies full pit (Pulpit,
Hee'l pick an Awdle out, and put it in a
Love is no ſtinker,
Truth is no ſtinker, (the Tinker
In mending breaches, Love did never play
where vengeance and luſt is
no truth his, nor truſt is (of Juſtice
As will appear at laſt in Gods high court
pitty and rewarde is
the ſtrength of Loves forces (with horſes.
Paul never converted men by ſtables ſit'a

Mercy is loving,
Truth is degrading, (Trading
Love is the onely cauſe of Plenty, Peace, &
Love is a fire
made of deſire
Whoſe chief ambition is to heaven to aſp
it hopes the creation
of fury and paſſion (is Paſt.
It governs all our families, & beſt can guide
the low land, the high land,
& my land and thy land (left this flame.
Grew all in common ſtrait, when love had

Where Peace is panting
and rage is ranting, (wanting.
'Tis an undoubted ſign the King of Love is
Father and Mother,
Siſter and Brother (mother,
If love be lacking, quickly miſchief one a-
where wrath is the rod is
that ruines our bodies (Gods is.
With hate the Devil is, but where love is,
then let us not doubt it,
but ſtraight go about it (without it.
To bring in love agen, wee cannot live

Then let the Graces
Crown our embraces (places,
And let us ſettle all things in their proper
leſt Perſecution
cauſe diſſolution, (fuſion
Let all purloyned wealth bee made a reſti-
For though now it tickles,
'twill turn all to prickles, (to ſickles.
Then let us live in peace & turn our ſwords
when Noah's Dove was ſent out,
then Gods pardon went out, (Amen to't.
They that wouls have it ſo, I hope will ſay

London, Printed for F. G. on Snow-hill. Entered according to Order. Finis.

A delicate new Ditty, composed upon the Posie of a Ring, being; *I fancie none but the alone*: sent as a New-yeares gift, by a Lover to his Sweet-heart.

To the tune of, *Dulcina*.

THou that art so sweete a creature,
that above all earthly joy,
I thus dreame for thy rare feature,
kill me not by seeming coy;
no; be thou mute,
when this my suit
Into thy eares by love is blowing,
but sip by me,
as I by thee,
I fancy none but thee alone.

Vault thou Cupids mothers beauty,
and Diana's chaste desires,
Thinke on that watch is thy duty,
to fulfil what love requires:
'tis Love I aske,
and 'tis thy taske
To be propitious to my manne,
for till I lay,
and wil for aye,
I fancy none but thee alone.

Let not selfe-conceit o'er-straine thee,
woman was at first ordained
To serve man, though I adore thee,
being by Loves Law constrained;
my sobs and teares
true witnesse beares
Of my hearts griefe and daily mone,
let not thy frowne
them overthrowne,
Who fancies none but thee alone.

Thinke what promise thou didst give me,
when I first did thee behold,
There thou vow'd'st thou would'st not
for a masse of Indian gold, (leave me,
but now I find
thee
All former
yet
him entertaine,
Who fancies none but thee alone,

Let my true affections move thee
to commiserate my paine,
If thou knew'st how deare I love thee,
sure thou wouldst love me againe;
I thee affect
and more respect
Thy welfare then I doe mine owne,
let this move thee,
to pitty me,
Who fancies none but thee alone.

Why should Women be obdurate,
and mens proffers thus despise?
Peace be rul'd, we have a Curate,
nuptiall Rites to solemnize:
then Marigold,
whose leaves unfold
When Tytans rayes reflect thereon,
on thee Ile shine,
for thou art mine,
I fancie none but thee alone.

The ſecond Part, Or, the Ma

To the ſame tune.

DEare I have receiv'd thy token,
and with it thy faithful lobe,
Prethee let no more be ſpoken,
I to thee will conſtant prove,
doe not deſpaire,
nor iſſue in care.
For her who vowes to be thy owne,
though I from thee ſtrange,
I will not change,
I fancy none but thee alone.

Thinke not that I will forget thee,
though I'm abſent from thy ſight,
When I find my ſelfe kept from thee,
I'll be with thee day and night,
but well thou know'ſt,
how I am craft,
Elſe ſhould my Love to thee be ſhowne,
with free accord,
yet take my word,
I fancie none but thee alone.

This Proverb hath oft bin uſed,
he that's bound muſt needs obey,
And thou ſeeſt how I'm incloſed,
from thy preſence night and day,
I dare not plain
what love I owe
To thee, for feare it ſhould be knowne,
yet ſtill my mind,
Shall be tyed
To fancy none but thee alone.

London, Printed for W. G.

The Love-ſick-Maid: Or, Cordelia's lamentation for the abſence of her Gerheard, To a pleaſant new Tune.

BE gone
Thou fatal fiery Feaboz, now be gone,
let lobe alone,
Let his etherial flames poſſeſs my bzeaſt,
Pis fires
From thy conſuming heat no aid requires,
foz ſwift deſires
Tranſpozts my paſſions to a thzone of reſt
where I,
who in the pzide of health, did
Nebez feel ſuch warmth to mobe
My ſickneſſe tam'd, am ſo inflam'd,
I know no topes but lobe,
And he,
That trifled many tedious hours
away, my lobe to try,
In little ſpace, hath gain'd the gzace
to habe moze power then I,

Depart,
Thou ſcozching fury, quick from me depart,
think not my heart,
To thy dull flame ſhall be a ſacrifice
A maid,
Dzead Cupid now is on thine alter laid
by thee betray'd
A rich oblation to reſtoze thine eyes
But yet
My fair acknowledgement will
pzobe thou hadſt no craft
To bend thy bow againſt a foe,
that aim'd to catch the ſhaft:
Foz if
That at my bzeaſt thy arrows,
thou all at once let flye
He that receibes a thouſand ſheabes
can do no moze but dye

No moze, (no moze
Pour learned Phyſitians tyre pour bzains
pzay p' gibe me oze
Pine is a cure in Phyſick nebez read
Although
Pou skilful Doctozs all the wozld do know
pzay ye let me go,
Pou may as well make pzactiſe on the dead,
But if,
My Gerheard daign to bieb me,
with the glozy of his looks
I make no doubt, to live without
Phyſitians and their books
Tis he,
That with his balmed kiſſes,
can reſtoze my lateſt bzeath
What bliſs is this, to gain a kiſſe,
can ſabe a maid from death

To you
That tell me of another wozld I bow,
and will allow
Pour ſacred pzecepts, if poule grant me this
That he,
Whom I eſteem of next the Deity
may go with me,
Without whoſe pzeſence there can bee no
Go teach (bliſſe
Pour tenets of Eternity
to thoſe that aged be,
And not perſwade a Love-ſick-Maid,
there's any heaben but he
But ſtay,
Me thinks an Icye ſlumber
hath poſſeſt my frenzy bzain
Pzay bid him dye, if pou ſee I
ſhall nebez wake again.

The Young Mans Anſwer, or his dying breath, Lamenting for his fair Cordelia's Death.

To a delightful new Tune.

COme on
Thou fatal meſſenger from her that's (gone,
left I alone
Within that quenchleſſe flame for ever fry,
The lake (take
Of lode being kindled, wherein none can
reſt, but away
Where ſlumber hath no power to cloſe the (eye
Whilſt I,
That by my fair Cordelia
deſires to take a ſleep
With lids wide ſpread upon my bed
Am forc'd a watch to keep
And ſhe
That waited many tedious hours
my conſtancy to try
Is now at reſt, whilſt I oppreſt,
fain would but cannot dye,

Diſpatch,
Thou ſcorching fury, quickly now diſpatch,
by death I watch
To be releaſt from this tormenting flame
The Dart (heart
Sent from dread Cupid ſticks faſt in my
I wanting Art
Had not the power for to reſiſt the ſame
Though ſhe,
Who by her late acknowledgement
Proteſt thou hadſt no craft
Yet from thy bow thou mad'ſt her know,
what power lay in the ſhaft:
But then
Thou ſent another arrow
which me of hopes bereft
Moſt like a foe to wound me ſo
for whom no cure is left.

Wherefore
Did you Phyſitians give my miſtris eye;
had you no more
Experience, but what you in books have
Or why. (read
You learned Doctors did you ceaſe to try
your skils, when I
Might have reſtored her, if ſhe'd not been
And yet (dead
Suppoſe that I in perſon
Had preſent been to view her,
Is there ſuch grace in any face;
To work ſo great a cure,
But now
I'me come too late to kiſs her
which were it not in vain;
After her death, I'd ſpend my breath;
to fetch her back again.

Unto
The fair Elizium thither will I go
whereas I know;
She is amongſt thoſe ſacred ones preferr'd
when I,
Shall bee admitted for to come ſo nigh,
pardon Ile cry
For my long abſence wherein I have erred
And ſince
By her I was eſteemed,
So much on earth being here
Hence for her ſake no reſt Ile take,
Till I have found her there
No more
But only I deſire
To hear my paſſing Bell
That Virgins may lament the fate
of Gorbeards laſt farewel.

Printed at London for R.I. Entered according to Order. FINIS.

Loves Miſtreſſe

OR

Natures Rarity.

To a moſt excellent delicious new Tune, called, Tell me you wandring Spirits in the aire.

TEll me you wandering Spirits in the Aire,
When you ſaw a nymph more bright, more fair
Then Beauties Darling (wherſoe'r ſhe lyes)
Or twinkling Comets in the Starry Skies,
If in this world a Phenix may be found,
'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe, whoſe graces muſt & ſhal be crown'd

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Oh call her from the fair Elizium Bay
And tell her how my ſences fade away,
For in her being was my dyed ſtate;
But ſhee's beſotted, my time is out of date:
Shee's flown, ſhee's flown unto the Azure Skies,
Then cry, then cry, Amintas for her abſence dies.

Turn ſacred Nymph, reſtore my latelt breath,
That am deſigned for untimely death;
Onſhe can cure me with her glorious looks,
Without the skil of Doctors or their books:
Then let thy beauty with ſuch ſplendor ſhine,
To raiſe, to raiſe this drouping love-ſicke heart of
(mine.

Search, ſearch the Vallys, where the Veſtal traine
And Shepherdeſſes in their ſtate remain;
Walk through the woods, & vie to the mirtle Groves
Where Ioves queen rangeth with her turtle doves:
Shee's like faire Venus in her glorious Rayes,
Then crown her, crown her with a wreath of roy-
(Bayes

Walk through the gardens, vie to the damask Roſe
And ſmel what ſcent theſe precious leaves incloſe
'tis her ſweet breath that gives this odorous ſmell
And peerleſſe vertue, (richly both excell:)
If there you ſee one like the Radiant Sun,
'Tis ſhee, 'tis ſhe, whom I adore, Loves Paragon.

The ſecond part to the ſame Tune

O Ly tall the fountains ſilver-ſtreaming Springs
And Hellicon, where Lady Muſes ſings;
Diſtill the Sea, wade through the Ocean deep,
She may be Tombed in eternall ſleep;
But ſhee's convey'd from every mortal eye,
O Cloris Cloris, come away, or elſe for thee I die.

Search, ſearch the rocks where Syrens ſing their charmes
She may be lull'd in their inchanting armes;
Fish, fish for pearle, and you may Corals find
Or elſe a Jewel to content the mind; 52
My bliſſe, my joyes are turnd' to deſtiny,
That I, that I muſt yeeld to dye for loving thee.

Scale high Olympus, where the Gods remain,
And Goddeſſes with all their royal Traine,
View perfectly the ſpangled Orbe and ſee
If Cloris, Cloris be in royalty,
Shee's gone, ſhee's gone, whilſt I in torments frye,
Oppreſt, oppreſt with pain, fain wold but cannot die

Search every quarter of the world, and ſee,
If Natures peece ſo excellent there be;
Turn round the Globe and view each center right
If there you find one like to Phœbus bright,
With luſtrous beauty ſhining in extreams,
'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe, eclipſing Luna with her beames.

O ſtay a while, I may informe you ſtill;
Were ſhe on Earth, ſhe had been with me ſtill;
Flie, flie to heaven examine every Sphere,
And ſee what Stars are lately fixed there
If any brighter then the Sun you ſee,
Fall down, fal down and honour her for that is ſhe

FINIS. S. S.

London printed for Francis Grove on Snow-hill.

Fancies Phœnix.

OR

The Peerleſs Paragon of the Times.

Being a young Gallants deſcription of a Lady which hee hath ſettled his thoughts on, reſolving never to change, nor to love any other beauty or face in the World.

And is perſwaded if there bee,
A Phœnix in the world, 'tis ſhee.

To an Amorous new Tune.

COme all you Batcheloꝛs ſo braue,
that ſpend your time in Cupids court
And with your Complements do craue,
with many Ladies ſoꝛ to ſpoꝛt
I am contrary to your mind
I Court but one and ſhe's unkind.
She's vertuous, chaſte, and if there bee
a Phœnix in the world, 'tis ſhee.

I muſt confeſſe I am in Loue
although I thought I never ſhould
But ſure ſhe was ſent from aboue
and made of Natures cheꝛeſt mould
So pure, ſo fair, and all Diuine
Ile quit the world to make her mine,
She's vertuous, chaſte, and if there be, &c.

I little thought I ever could
by any beauty ere be won
Noꝛ can I now if that I would
remoue my mind on any one
No wealth, no beauty, noꝛ no face
my fixed thoughts from her diſplace.
She's vertuous, chaſte, and if there be, &c.

Do you not ſee the Stars retreat
when Sol ſalutes the ſky ſo cleer
So muſt all beauties we're ſo great
ſhrink and withdꝛaw when ſhee appear
So bꝛight, ſo cleer, that all muſt ſay
'tis fair Roſelia claims the day.
Shee's vertuous, chaſte and if there be, &c.

Her baſhful Cheeks with blushing ſpeak
caſts ſuch a rich vermilion dye
That Roſe and Lilly there both meet
each ſtriving ſoꝛ the victoꝛy
So rare, ſo pure, you'l ſcarce beleeve
dame Nature could ſuch colours giue
Shee's vertuous, chaſte, and if there be, &c.

Her Eyes like ſparks of Diamonds cleer
ſuch glances caſts in modeſt ſoꝛt
No wantonneſs in them appear
yet Cupid ſure ſhe're keepe his Court
'Twas from her eyes he ſhot his dart
that thus hath pieꝛc't my love ſick heart
Shee's vertuous, chaſte, and if there be
a Phœnix in the world, 'tis ſhee.

The ſecond part to the ſame Tune

But ſtay my Muſe, what need haſt thou
to praiſe her beauty in ſuch ſort
When as her fame abroad doth flye
more than I can of her report
Wiſh thee to meet as kind as fair
then might I live and not deſpair;
But ſure I think if that there be
a Phœnix in the world, 'tis ſhe,

For thee deſires to be alone
and never to participate
Her love the faith to any one,
but ſingle live without a mate
Such thoughts I think in few remain
yet doth in her, the more's my pain.
Then ſure I think if that there be, &c.

Cruel ſhe is to none I bear
no more thee is not unto mee
Nor proud thee is not that is rare
you'l ſay in women for to be
She's courteous, lovely chaſte and fair
'tis few that can with her compare,
For ſure I think if that there bee, &c.

Then if thee Phenix-like will live
and dye alone I am content
My heart to her I'le freely give
unto no other I'le conſent
But in her flames my heart ſhall burn
and Phenix-like to aſhes turn
For it is her and none but ſhee
by whom I muſt revived bee.

And if thee will not yeeld at laſt
but ſtill her reſolutions hold
I will not think my time ill ſpent
nor yet my love ſhall near wax cold
To ſtay for ſuch a one as ſhe
I think no time there loſt will bee
I'de better with my fancy wed
than lodge ſome women in my bed.

If that you needs would know of mee
whereas this Phenix doth abide
For that I muſt excuſed bee
yet near the Strand ſhee doth reſide,
No other notice will I give
to any one whilſt I do live,
And if ſhe doth a Phœnix dye
look in her aſhes there am I.

You roving Batchelors that bee
reſolved for to ſpend your time
In ſeveral Matrons company
when as their beauty are in prime
Beware, beware, let this my guide
thee to a Maid to make thy bride
Let not her beauty tempt your eye
leaſt vertue too in her, you ſpye.

I muſt depart time calls away
I cannot now expreſs my mind
This Song is long enough you ſay
unleſs that ſhe did prove more kind
She's vertuous, chaſte, and therefore I
reſolve to love her till I dye,
For ſure I think if that there bee
a Phœnix in the world, 'tis ſhee.

London, Printed for E. Grove. Entred according to Order FINIS. C. H.

The Merry Mans Resolution
OR,
His laſt farewell to his former acquaintance,

Declaring how hee rambled up and down,
Through all the Suburbs of fair London Town,
Where pretty wenches hee did plenty find,
But ſome of them agreed not with his mind,
Till at the laſt by chance hee found out one,
Which pleas'd him beſt, ſo left the reſt alone,
To her hee then cling'd cloſe as I heard tell,
Made her his mate and bid the reſt farewell.

To a gallant new Tune, called the Highlanders new Rant.

NOw farewell to Saint Gileſes
that ſtandeth in the fields
And farewell to Turnbull-ſtreet
for that no comfort yeilds,
Fare well unto the Grey-hound,
and farewell the Bell,
And farewell my land-lady,
whom I do love ſo well
With a come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from mee,
For all the world ile forſake for thee.

Farewell to Long Acre,
that ſtands neer to the Mews
And farewell unto Drury-Lane
where pretty wenches uſe,
And farewell unto Sodom
and all her painted Drabs,
And farewell unto Bloomsbury
and all their bouncing ſcabs
And come love,
Stay Love,
go not from me,
For all the world ile forſake for thee.

Farewell to Croſe-lane.
where lives ſome babes of grace
Farewell to Common-garden,
and all her wanton places,
Farewell unto Weſt-minſter
and farewell to the Strand
Where I had choyce of mopſies
even at my own command,
Sing come Love,
Stay Love,
go a long with mee,
For all the world ile forſake for thee.

Farewell to the Bank ſide
farewell to Black-mans ſtreet,
Where with my bouncing laſſes,
I oftentimes did meet.
Farewell to Kentſtreet Garriſon,
farewell to Horſey-down,
And all the ſmirking Wenches,
that dwells in Redrif Town,
And come Love,
Stay Love,
go a long with mee,
For all the world ile forſake for thee.

The ſecond part to the ſame tune.

55

NOw farewell unto Wapping
and farewell to Blackwall,
Farewell to Ratcliffe high-way,
Roſemary lane and all,
And farewell unto Shore-ditch,
and More-fields eke alſo,
Where mobs to pick up cullies,
A night walking do go,
Then come Love,
Stay Love,
go along with mee,
For all the world ile forſake for thee.

In White-croſe ſtreet and Goldenlane
do traping laſſes dwell,
And ſo there do in every ſtreet
twixt that and Clarken well,
At Cowcroſe and Smithfield,
I habe much pleaſure found,
Where merchants like to Fayeries,
did often trace the round,
Yet come Love,
Stay Love, 56
go not from mee,
For all thoſe girles ile forſake for thee.

Yet ſomething more ſle ſpeak off
which ſeems to many ſtrange,
There's more of pretty wenches,
lives neer to the Exchange;
And many more there are ſure,
that dwelleth in Cheapſide,
And other ſtreets in London,
which are both broad and wide,
Yet come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from mee,
For all thoſe girles ile forſake for thee.

To all the Country mopſies
where-ever they do dwell,
In this my laſt concluſion,
I likewiſe bid farewell,
Though they were uſed in former time
to come when I did call,
I take thee for the boldeſt,
and beſt among them all,
Then come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from mee,
For all the world ile forſake for thee.

At Briſtoll and at Gloceſter
I had of Loves great ſtore:
But now I find enough of thee,
I will deſire no more.
And what I have ſaid to thee
thou ſhalt find true and right:
Ile do thee truſty ſervice
at morning and at night
Then come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from mee,
For all the world ile forſake for thee.

Farewell black patches,
and farewell powdered locks,
And farewell Luthners Ladies
for they have got the pox,
Farewell the Cherry-garden,
forevermore adue
And farewell to Spur-Alley,
and all that wanton crew,
And come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from mee,
For all thoſe girles Ile forſake for thee.

London printed for F. Grove on Snow-hill, Finis I. P.

The Longing Shepherdesse
OR
Laddy lye neere me.

To the Tune of, *Laddy lye neere me*: Or *The Green Garter*.

All in the Moneth of May,
when all things blossome,
As in my bed I lay,
sleepe it grew loathsome:
Up I rose and did walke
over yon mountaines,
Through Medowes, and through Dales,
over rocks and fountaines.
I heard a voyce to say,
sweet heart come cheere me,
Thou hast beene long away,
Laddy lye neere me.

Down by yon River side,
and surging Billowes,
A pleasant Grove I espide,
well set with willowes,
In it a shepheardesse,
singing most clearely,
And still her note it was,
Laddy lye neere me.
Come away, doe not stay,
sweet heart and cheere me:
Thou hast beene long away,
deerest draw neere me.

Sweet heart thou stayest too long,
Phœbe is watching,
Aurora with her steed,
is fast approaching,
She doth her Chariot mount,
which much doth feare me,
Each houre a yeare I count,
till thou lye neere me.
Come away, doe not stay,
sweet-heart and cheere me,
Thou hast beene long away,
Hymen keeps holy day,
Love take thy pleasure,
Cupid hath throwne away,
both Bow and Quiver:
Boreas doth gently blow,
least I should feare him,
Yet dare I not to stay,
alone too neere him.
Come away doe not stay,
sweet-heart and cheere me,
Thou hast bene long away,
Laddy lye neere me.

Do not Adonis like,
sweet heart flye from me,
For carefull I will be,
as doth become me,
Both of my flocke and thine,
whilst keep are feeding,
Deere is my love to thee,
as is exceeding.
Come away doe not stay,
sweet-heart and cheere me,
Thou hast beene long away,
Laddy lye neere me.

I may sing Welladay
my ioyes are ended,
The houre of my approach,
is almost spended.
My Parents will me misse,
and swaines will jeere me,
Thus still her note it was,
Laddy lye neere me.
Come away, do not stay,
sweet-heart and cheere

O Come my own Deare lets dally awhile
with my fala la la la la la,
thou hast inchanted my Spirits now with a
nd thy fa la la la la la la,
be trembling of thy Lips do show,
Thou hast no power to say me no,
Which makes me have a moneths mind unto
thy fa la la la la la la la,

This hearty kisse is a sign thou wilt yeild,
to thy fa la, &c.
The white of thy eye speaks peace in the
with a fa la, &c.
Then for a baile to hide thy face.
Ile cloud thee with a sweet imbrace,
There's many would wish that they were in
with their fa la, &c.
Oh do not sigh to hear me intice,
with a fa la, &c.
Then were hee'l bin got, had thy Mother bin
with her fa la, &c.
Then prethee put me out of my pain,
For I am now in a merry vain,
Lets play at that game, where the lovers do
with their fa la, &c.

But oh my own dear, why dost thou so stir
with thy fa la, &c.
Art thou in a swound, or what is thy will,
with thy fa la, &c.
I prethee for sake no such grief
Since I am so neer to thy relefe,
Oh, let me play the amorous thief
with thy fa la, &c.

My dearest of all, why holdst thou so fast,
with a fa la, &c.
Ile swear we will marry if thou wilt make
with thy a la &c.
Cupid doth give me leave to play,
Thy very blushes do betray
That thou dost interpret what I have to say
with a fa la &c.

Then on her Brow her Maile she spred
with a fa la. &c:
As if he'd been going to cut off her head
with his fa la, &c.
He with his Lips her mouth did wipe,
And gave her many an earnest gripe,
For just now my Lady was yielding ripe,
with her fa la, &c.

In what a fret was I in the tree,
with a fa la, &c.
That I had not then another by me,
with her fa la, &c.
Then I perceiv'd they whisper'd awhile,
With many fair pleadings he did her beguile
Sure something he show'd her which made her to smile
with a fa la, &c.
He said he was sure they could not be spied
with a fa la, &c.
But I (if I durst) could have told him he
with his fa la &c.
I fear'd I should be brought to light,
She so often cast up her eyes so bright,
The pleasure of love did so dazle her sight,
and her fa la, &c,

My Gossiper could no longer forbear,
her fa la, &c.
No more should I, if I had been there,
by her fa la, &c.
I turn'd and scrued my body round,
To see my Gallant scale the Town,
But his getting up, made me tumble down,
with a fa la, &c.

Such was my fate, no mischief I had,
with a fa la, &c.
My Lovers both run as if they'd been mad,
with their fa la, &c.
And now I hope a warning 'twill be,
How they in such sinful pleasures agree,
For fear of the Devil that fall from thy tree
with this fa la la la la la la.

A new Sonnet, shewing how the Goddesse *Diana* transformed *Acteon* into the shape of an Hart. To the tune of, *Rogero.*

Diana and her Darlings Deare
went walking on a Day,
Throughout the Woods and waters clear,
for their disport and play:
The leaves aloft were gay and gréen,
and pleasant to behold, (tween,
These Nymphs they walkt the Trees be-
under the shadow cold
So long at last they found a place
of springs and waters cleare,
A fairer Bath their never was
found out this thousand yeare:
Wherein Diana daintily
her selfe began to bathe,
And all her Virgins faire and pure
themselves did wash and lave.
And as the Nymphs in water stood,
Acteon passed by
As he came running through the Wood,
on them he cast his eye,
And she behold their bodies bare,
them presently that Tide:
And as the Nymphs of him were ware,
with voyce aloud they cry'd,
And clos'd Diana round about,
to hide her body small
Yet she was highest in the rout,
and seene above them all.
This when Diana did perceive
where Acteon did stand,
A serious look to him she gave,
and took her Bow in hand;
And as she was about to shoot,
Acteon began to run
To this he thought it was to dost,
his former sights were done:
And as he thought from her to scape,
Each Goddesse took Diana's part,
Acteon to transforme.
To make of him a huge wild Hart,
there they did all determe:
His skin that was so fine and faire,
was made a tawnie red,
His Body overgrowne with haire,
from foot unto the head;
And on his head great hornes were set,
most monstrous to behold,
A huger Hart was never met,
nor see upon the Mould;
His eares his eyes his face full faire,
transformed were full strange,
His hands for feet compelled were
throughout the Wood to range.
Thus was he made a perfect Hart,
and wared fierce and grim,
His former shapes did cleane depart
from every joynt and limb:
But still his memory remaine,
although he might not speake,
Nor yet among his friends complaine,
his woefull minde to breake,
At length he thought for to repaire,
home to his dwelling place;
Anon his Hounds of him were ware,
and gan to trye a pace:
Then Acteon was sore agast,
his Hounds would him devoure,
And from them then he fled full fast,
with all his might and power;
He spared neither Bush nor Brake,
but ran through thicke and thin,
With all the swiftnesse he could make,
to have to save his skin.

FOr why, his Hounds would never lin,
till him they overtook,
And then they rent and tore the skin,
and all his hoop ſhook;
I am your Maſter Acteon,
then cry'd he to his Hounds,
And mane to them moſt rufull moane,
with ſhrill lamenting ſounds.

I have been he that gave you food,
wherein I am alright,
Wherefore ſuck not your maſters bloud,
his friendſhip to requite:
But theſe Curres of a curſed kind,
of him had no remorſe
Although he was their neareſt friend,
they pold him no time by force.

There was no man to take his part,
the ſtorp teeth plaine;
Thus Acteon formed like a Hart,
amongſt the Dogs was ſlaine.
Your Hunters all that range the Woods,
although you ſtir up rath.
Beware you come not near the Floods
where Virgins uſe to bathe.

For if Diana you eſpy
among her Darlings deare
Your former ſhape ſhe ſhall diſguiſe,
and make you hornes to weare.
And ſo I now conclude my Song,
having no more to alledge,
If Acteon hee right or wrong,
let all true Virgins judge.

A Lullaby.

COme little Babe, come ſilly Soule,
thy Fathers ſhame & Mothers grief,
Borne (as I doubt) to all our doles,
and to thy ſelf unpappy chief:
Sing Lullaby, and wrap it warme,
Poore Soul it thinks no creature harm.

Thou little think'ſt, and leaſt doſt know
the cauſe of this his Mothers moane,
Thou wantſt the wit to wayle her woe,
and I my ſelf am all alone: (wail,
Why doſt thou weep, why doſt thou
And knowſt not now what thou doſt ail?

Come little wretch, ah ſilly heart!
mine onely joy, what can I more?
If there be any wrong thy ſmart,
that may thy deſtinie, deplore;
'Twas I, I ſay againſt my will,
I waile the time, but be thou ſtill.

And doſt thou ſmile? Oh thy ſweet face,
I would thy Dad the ſame might ſee,
No doubt but it would purchaſe grace,
I know it well, for thee and me:
But come to Mother, Babe, and play,
For Father falſe is fled away.

Sweet Boy, if it thy fortune chance,
thy Father home againe to ſend,
If Death doth ſtrike me with his Lance,
yet may'ſt thou me commend?
If any aske thy Mothers name,
Tell how by love ſhe purchas'd blame.

Then will his gentle heart ſoon yeeld,
I know him of a noble mind,
Although a Lyon in the field,
a Lamb in Town thou ſhalt him find,
Aſk bleſſing Lad, be not afraid,
His fugred lips have me betray'd.

Then may'ſt thou joy and be right glad,
although in woe I ſeeme to moane:
Thy Father is no raſcall Lad,
a noble Youth of blood and bone;
His glancing look, if he once ſmile,
Right honeſt Woman will beguile.

Come little Boy, and rock aſleep,
ſing Lullaby, and be thou ſtill,
I that can doe nought elſe but weep,
will ſit by thee and Lullaby,
God bleſſe my Babe and Lullaby
From this his Fathers quality. Finis

London, Printed for J. W. dwelling in the Old-Bayly.

A Lamentable Ballad of the Ladies Fall.

Declaring how a Gentlewoman through her too much truſt came to her end, and how her Lover ſlew himſelf.

The Tune is, In Peſcod time.

MArk well my heavy doleful Tale,
you Loyal Lovers all.
And ſeriouſly bear in your breaſt
a gallant Ladies fall:
Long was ſhe wo'e're ſhe was won,
to lead a wedded life,
Fy: folly wrought her overthrow,
before ſhe was a wife.

Too ſoon alas ſhe gave conſent
to yield unto his will,
Though he proteſted to be true,
and faithful to her ſtill:
She felt her body altered quite,
her bright hue waxed pale,
Her fair red cheeks turn'd colour white,
her ſtrength began to fail.

So that with many a ſorrowful ſigh,
this beauteous Maiden mild,
With grievous heart perceiv'd her ſelf
to be conceiv'd with Child:
She kept it from her fathers ſight,
as cloſe as cloſe might be,
And ſo put on her ſilken gown,
none might her ſwelling ſee.

Unto her Lover ſecretly
ſhe did her ſelf bewray,
And walking with him hand in hand,
theſe words to him did ſay:
Behold, ſaid ſhe, a Maids diſtreſs,
my love, brought to thy bow,
Behold I go with Child by thee,
but none thereof doth know.

The little Babe ſpring in my tomb
to hear the Fathers voice,
Let it not be a Baſtard call'd,
ſith I made thee my choice:
Come, come, my love, perform thy vow
and wed me out of hand,
O leave me not in this extream,
in grief always to ſtand.

Think on thy former promiſe made,
thy vows and oaths each one,
Remember with what bitter tears
to me thou mad'ſt thy moan:
Convey me to ſome ſecret place,
and marry me with ſpeed,
Or with thy Rapier end my life,
e're further ſhame proceed.

Alas my deareſt Love, quoth he,
my greateſt joy on earth,
Which way can I convey thee hence,
without a ſudden Death?
Thy friends they be of high degree,
and I of mean eſtate,
Full hard it is to get thee forth
out of thy Fathers gate.

Dread not thy ſelf to ſave my fame,
and if thou taken be,
My ſelf will ſtep between the Swords,
and take the harm on me:
So ſhall I ſcape Diſhonour quite,
if ſo I ſhould be ſlain,
What could they ſay but that true love
did work a Ladies Wane.

AND not fear any further harm,
my self will so devise,
That I will go away with thee,
unseen of mortal eyes:
Disguised like some pritty Page,
I'le meet thee in the dark,
And all alone i'le come to thee,
hard by my Fathers Park.

And there, quoth he, I'le meet my love,
if God do lend me life,
And this day month without all fail,
I will make thee my wife:
Then with a sweet and loving kiss,
the parted presently,
And of their parting brinish tears,
stood in each others eye.

At length the wished day was come,
whereby this lovely Maid,
With lovely eyes, and strange attire,
for her true lover staid:
When any person she espy'd,
come riding o're the plain,
She thought it was her own true love,
but all her hopes were vain.

Then did she weep and sore bewail,
her most unhappy state,
Then did she speak these woful words,
when succourless she sat:
O false forsworn and faithless wretch,
disloyal to thy love,
Hast thou forgot thy promise made,
and wilt thou perjur'd prove?

And cast thou now forsaken me,
in this my great distress,
To end my days in open shame,
which thou might'st well redress:
Wo worth the time I did believe,
that flattering tongue of thine,
Would God that I had never seen,
the beard of thy false Eyne.

And thus with many a sorrowful sigh,
homewards she went again,
No rest came in her watry Eyes,
she felt such bitter pain.

In travel strong she fell that night,
with many a bitter throw,
What woful pangs she felt that night,
doth each good woman know.

She called up her waiting-Maid,
that lay at her Beds feet,
Who musing at her Mistris woe,
did strait begin to weep:
Weep not, said she, but shut the doors,
and windows round about,
Let none bewail my wretched case,
but keep all persons out.

O Mistris call your Mother dear,
of women you have need,
And of some skilful Mid-wives help,
the better you may speed:
Call not my Mother for thy life,
nor call no women here,
Tho Mid-wives help comes now too late,
my death I do not fear.

With that the Babe sprang in her Womb,
no Creature being nigh,
And with a sigh that broke her heart,
this gallant Dame did dye:
This living little Infant young,
the mother being dead,
Resign'd his new received breath,
to him that had him made.

Next morning came her Lover true,
affrighted at this news,
And he for sorrow slew himself,
whom each one did accuse:
The mother with the new-born Babe,
were both laid in one grave,
Their Parents overcome with woe,
no joy of them could have.

Take heed you dainty Damosels all,
of flattering words beware,
And of the honour of your name,
have you a special care:
Too true alas this story is,
as many one can tell.
By others harms learn to be wise,
and thou shalt do full well.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, I. Wright, and I. Clarke.

The Languiſhing LOVER Cured,

And the Coy LADY by *Cupid* Converted.

In a Paſſionate Diſcourſe of Love, between *Florio*, *Cupid*, and *Philida*.

To the Tune of, *Hang ſorrow caſt away Care.*

WHat a ſorry Life I live,
ſince that Love hath found me,
And what Treaſures would I give,
that Cupid had not bound me:
For his Dart hath pierc'd my Heart,
I cannot endure it,
And inflicted ſo much ſmart,
That no Herb can cure it.

Surely Cupid is not blind,
but hath Eyes to ſee with,
And his Dart hath prov'd unkind,
that he wounded me with;
For it did all Comfort kill
when it pierc'd into me,
And my Soul with ſorry fil'd,
Oh! it will undo me.

Heavens bleſs my dying Heart,
heavenly Powers defend me,
Love need not uſe ſo much Art
and Cruelty to bend me:
For my ſilly Soul did yield,
when 'twas firſt aſſailed,
And to Cupid gave the Field,
Oh! then my ſpirits failed.

Cupid, What is thy intent?
what is thy deſire?
Let thy Bow be now unbent,
for I am all on fire:
O! ſweet gentle God of Love,
let thy Arrows miſs me,
Let her whom (in vain) I love,
Kill me, if not kiſs me.

What a pining Life have I,
what a ſad Condition?
Eaſe me Love, and let me fly,
this lingring Contrition:
Kiſs me, or elſe cure my Wound,
O! ſome pitty ſhow me;
Can there no Relief be found,
But Love muſt overflow me.

If my worthleſs Body muſt,
be thy Arrows diet,
Then convert me into Duſt,
and let me have ſome quiet:
Let thy Arrows take their fill,
ſince ſhe cannot abide me,
With my Blood, come Cupid ſwill,
Thou enough haſt try'd me.

FOrc'd I am to yield I ſee,
and adore thy Power,
For thy Art hath conquer'd me,
and hath brought me lower:
I that did before neglect,
and diſpiſe to love thee,
Give thee now all due reſpect,
And for pitty move thee.

O! ſweet Love be not ſo fierce,
but with pitty moved,
Let thy Golden Arrow pierce,
the Heart of my beloved:
Let us ſhare in equal parts,
and proſtrate lie before the,
Then our joyful flaming hearts,
For ever ſhall Implore thee.
(he lies down.)

The Authour.

Cupid hearing this Comp'laint,
fearing 'twould undo him,
Sends his beſt beloved Saint,
ſtily ſrt unto him?
Cupid doth himſelf deſcend,
from his ſhrine of Glory,
To compleat the happy end,
Of this Lovers ſtory.

Cupid.

Longing Lover live and leave,
this thy ſad Lamenting,
Though the Arrows in my ſheave
cauſe this Diſcontenting:
By my Mother and my Bow,
I ſwear ſhe ſhall not miſs thee,
I'le preſent Her to thee now,
Court her and ſhe'll kiſs thee. 64

Philida.

Where's this loyal Lover that
ſo with pitty moves me,
Jove forbid that I ſhould hate,
or kill the Thing that loves me:
I am none of thoſe coy Girles,
that to Death will doom thee,
Knights, & Lords, & Dukes & Earls
ſhall not take me from thee.

Florio.

What ſweet words have I heard
lovely ſmoth and even, (ſaid,
Cupid ſure hath ſtruck me dead,
and I am now in Heaven:
This is Philida I ſee,
with all joys about Her,
Heaven cannot Heaven be,
If it is without her.

Philida.

Sure 'tis Florio appears,
(as God Cupid chain'd him)
He hath Lov'd me ſeven Years,
and I as long diſdain'd him:
But the God hath ſtruck my heart
and put Love into me,
If Florio ſhould play my part,
'Twould utterly undo me.

Florio.

Philida! Oh! Philida,
let me come and Court thee,
By Loves pure and precious Laws
I vow, I will not hurt thee:
Saints with Angels that are wed,
do as much as this is,
I ſwear no motion of my blood,
ſhall mingle with our Kiſſes.

Philida.

I'le not tie thee up to that,
preſſe Kiſs and ſpare not,
And what more thou would'ſt be at,
in this fit I fear not:
Love cannot be fed with Air,
Kiſſes are but Bubbles,
But let's be a Wedded pair,
To avoid all troubles.

Florio.

That's a real royal way,
to prevent miſcarriage,
There's no Mourning in the joy,
that is mixt in Marriage:
Quick let's to the Altar go,
there to be made Fellows,
Pen and Paper are Fire & Tow,
When Cupid blows the Bellows.

London, Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *J. Wright*. FINIS.

By the example of *Richard Whitfield*, and M. *Gibs* who were two notorious offenders, and both of one company, which two men made a daily practise, and got their livings by robbing and stealing both on the High-ways, and in any other places where they came, but were at last taken, apprehended and condemned to dye for robbing of a Coach, & murdering of a Captains man at Shooters-Hil, in Kent, some five or six miles from London, and for that offence and others, *Gibs* was prest to death at Maidstone in Kent, and *Whitfield* was hanged in chains on Shooters-Hil, where he did the bloody deed, the 17th. of March, 1655. The manner how shall be exactly related in this Ditty.

The Tune is, Ned Smith.

O[illegible] true notorious Villains,
my purpose is to tell,
[illegible] near fair London Town
long time did live and dwell.

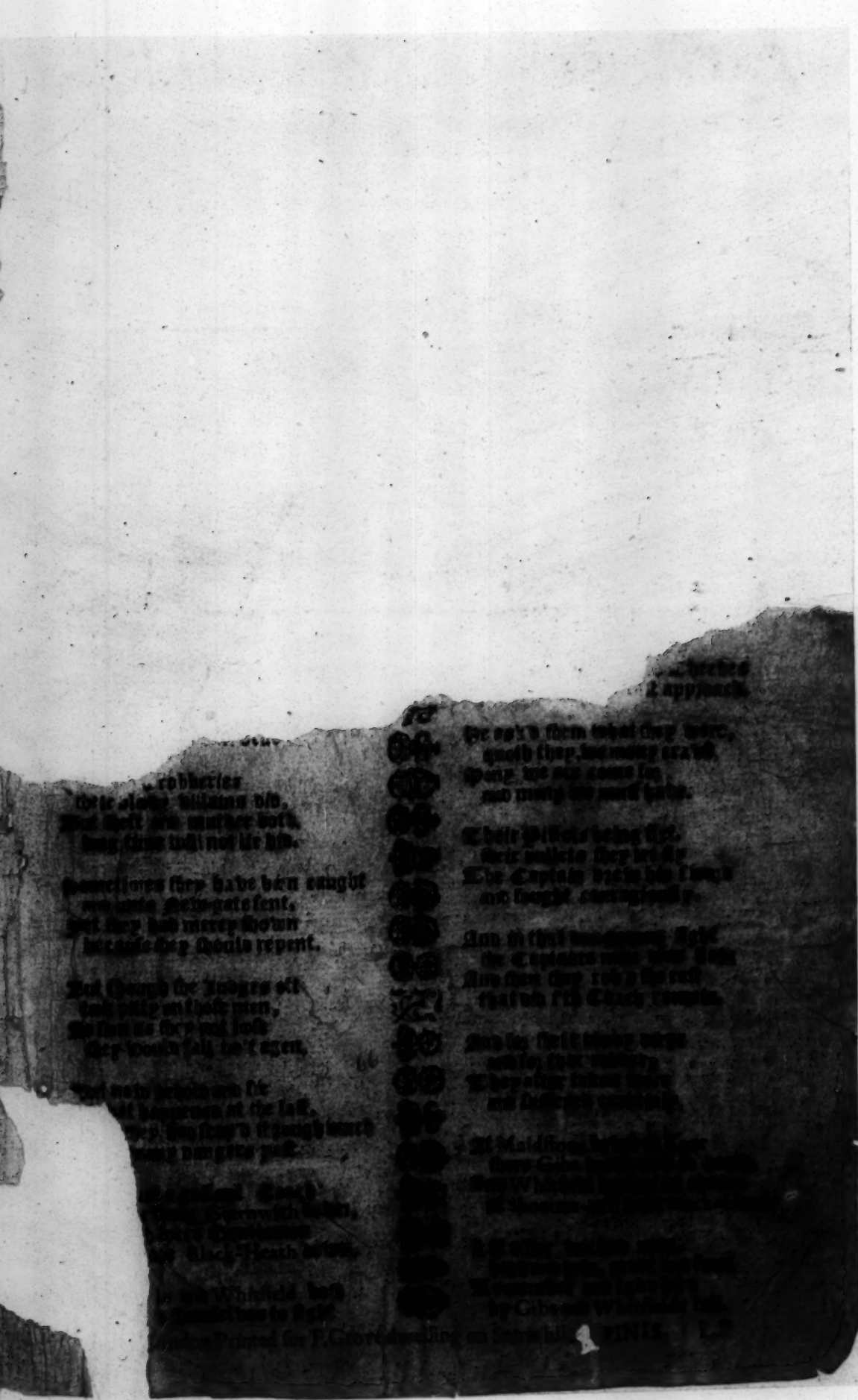
One of their names was Gibs,
a valiant wight no doubt
The other Dick Whitfield call'd;
they were a wicked rout.

They rob'd the Coach and Kool,
[illegible]
[illegible]

sometimes about the Arlow
they would walk in the night
To see much cruelty
to them that they did meet.

A man could hardly pass
the Gates at ten a clock,
But they would be sure to have,
the cloak from off his back.

If he had no cloak
they would his money take,
[illegible]



Darling:

O R,

worth liking;

men, abroad and at home, at bed and

mpany.

ll mee so; Or, Loves Tide.

If thy estate be tak from thee
And thou art brought to poverty
By crosses or afflictions strong
Murmure not, grieve at any wrong
'Tis God that hath a hand o're all
To raise thee up, or let thee fall
Perhaps the Lord would try to finde
If thou hadst Jobs contented mind.

If honours or preferments great
Shall raise thee up on Justice seat
Or that by place or dignity
A Judge of Causes thou must be
Think that heavens Court of Justice high
O're all your actions casts an eye
That mighty Judge be sure can find
The secrets of your heart and mind.

If that Gods Lawes thou break be sure
Or by oppression wrong the poor
Or if of men thou stands in fear
To do what they will have thee heer
Or let the mighty bear the sway
And turn the poor mans cause away
Be that doth this be sure will finde
A troubled discontented mind.

ar
t finde

62

IF otherwiſe thou ſeems to be
A Judge of right and equity,
And will the poor mans cauſe defend
As well as his that hath means to ſpend,
[illegible] the wrongs of fatherleſs;
[illegible] the ſaild to in diſtreſs
A reward in Heaven thou then ſhalt finde
And on earth a ſweet contented minde.

If thou art rich, thou poor mayeſt be;
If thou art poor, wealth mayeſt thou ſee;
If thou to honour riſe or fall,
Be ſure thou be content with all;
This world is ſubject ſtill to change,
Then let not thine affections range,
Nothing on earth be ſure thou'lt finde
Compared to a contented minde.

If God hath ſent thee children ſtore,
And yet perhaps thou art but poor; 68
Deſpair not, but contented be,
He will provide for them and thee;
To every mouth he bread will ſend,
[illegible]ill will ſtand the poor mans friend,
Revel from him thou ſure ſhalt finde,
If thou haſt a contented mind.

What if this world doth frown on thee,
For thy faith and fidelity,
Or that thou beſt in priſon caſt,
The Lord may bring thee out at laſt;
If not thou hadſt better there to dye
Than from the true Religion fly:
Keep but thy faith, and thou ſhalt finde
In priſon a ſweet contented minde.

If that thy conſcience tells to thee
Thy cauſe is juſt, be rul'd by me,
Let not the threats of mighty men
Take thy good conſcience from thee then
[illegible]y of thy body ſhall have power,
[illegible]ure thy ſoule they can't get or
[illegible] a quiet conſcience thou ſhalt finde
[illegible]ntinual feaſts to feed thy minde.

If that thou think a God there be,
That rules the Heaven and Earth we ſee,
Then think he hath a hand o're all,
To raiſe men up, or let them fall:
All Rulers great, by Sea and Land
Muſt ſtop, if once he gives command
He muſt protect you, elſe you'l finde
A ſad and diſcontented minde.

Content is a Jewel, and a Feaſt,
Content is a rich and welcome Gueſt,
Content is of ſuch high renown,
'Tis better than an earthly Crown,
Content is ſuch a precious ſtore
That he that hath it needs no more:
If you can gaine it, you ſhall finde
No joyes like a contented minde.

[illegible]ntent you needs will gain
[illegible]le tell you where it doth remain
Inquire where Conſcience keeps
And where plaine dealing doth re
Then truth will lead you by the ha
And bring you where Content doth
Imbrace him then and you ſhall finde
No wealth like a contented minde.

London, Printed for Francis Grove on Snow-Hill. Entred according to Order. FINIS C. H.

The honest Maydens loyalty

OR,

The young mans faithfull constancy.

He vowes to endure the Wrack and the
And suffer dearly for his true loves sake.

To a pretty new Tune, Or, *Part, they more fairer.*

M[illegible]t as lyin a moaning faire
A young man long this plaint sung
Where his heare sweating did mete
and thus lamenting he did cry,
Farewell sweet heart, for I must be gone
but ile have my love, or ile have none.

[illegible]et [illegible]ould and all proue
[illegible]ere's none can make [illegible] faire [illegible]
For in the Ballance of [illegible]
[illegible]s for [illegible]
As for my part I have chosen one,
And ile have my love, or else have none.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
As for my part, &c.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
and make a [illegible]
As by experience I well know,
And ile have &c.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
I will be faithful as mine owne,
For ile have &c.

Some City Dames with mincing feates
[illegible]
But my true love is vertuous, chaste and
and like an Angel in my eyes.
[illegible]
for my &c.

Into some far Country ile goe,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
As for my part I have chosen one,
And ile have my [illegible]

BUt marke how Bateman dy'd for
he knight vp his life, (loue,
The very day she married was,
and made old Jeremans Wife,
For with a strangling Coyd, God wot,
great mourne was made therefore,
He hang'd himselfe in desperate sort,
before the Brides owne doore.

Whereat such sorrow pierc'd her heart
and troubled her mind
That she could neuer after that,
one day of comfort find:
For wheresoeuer that she went,
her fancy did surmise,
Young Batemans pale and gastly ghost,
appear'd before her eyes.

When she in bed a nights did lye,
betweene her Husbands armes,
In hope thereby to sleepe and rest,
in safety without harmes:
Great crys & grieuous groanes she heard
a voyce that sometimes said,
O thou art she that I must haue,
and must not be denay'd.

But she then being big with Child,
was for the Infants sake
Preserued from the Spirits power,
no vengeance could it take:
The Babe vnborne did safely keepe,
as God appointed is
His Mothers body from the Fiend,
that sought her ouerthrow.

But being of her burthen eas'd,
and safely brought to bed,
Her cares and griefs began anew,
and further sorrowes bred;
And of her friends she did intreate,
desiring them to stay,
Out of my bed, quoth she this night
I shall be borne away.

Here comes the Spirit of my Loue,
with pale and gastly face,
Who till he takes me hence with him,
will not depart this place:
Alive or dead I am his right,
and he will surely haue
In spight of me and all the World,
what I by promise gaue.

O watch with me this night I pray,
and if you doe me loue,
No longer that you be awake
my body can you keepe:
All promised to doe me best,
yet nothing could suffice,
At middle of the night to keepe
sad slumber from their eyes,

So being all fast asleepe,
to them vnknowne which wayes
The Child-bed Wife that wofull night,
from thence was borne away:
But to what place no creature knew,
nor to this day can tell,
As strange a thing as ever yet
in any age befell.

You Maidens that desire to loue,
and would goe Husbands craue,
To him that you haue vowd your loue,
by no meanes doe vntrue:
For God that heares all secret Oaths,
will direfull vengeance take
On such as of a wicked Mind
doe slender thoughts make. Finis.

London, Printed for *W. G.* dwelling in *Gilt-spur-street*.

A brief Relation of an Atheiſticall creature, living at *Lambert*, which is of a ſtrange opinion that his ſins are too big for him to goe to Heaven, and too little for him to goe to hell, he thinks he ſhall dye a *Phariſie*: Further he deſired to have a Commiſſion to burne every new marryed couple in the Buttock, but paying him forty ſhillings they ſhould eſcape unburned.

To the tune of, *Jeſper Cunningame*, or brave *Lord Willoby*.

GOod Chriſtians all give eare awhile,
and mark what I relate,
There lives a Man in Lambert Town,
govern'd by luckleſs fate:
An Athiſt he in Judgement is,
not fearing Heaven nor Hell,
But in preſumption every day,
'gainſt God he doth rebell.

Ye this unto his Neighbours ſpake,
my ſins quoth he are great,
That I my ſelf ſhall not attaine,
to ſit i'th Heavenly ſeate:
Nor ſhall my ſoule goe down to Hell,
(ſin doth not multiply)
In heart I doe believe that I
a Phariſie ſhall dye.

This as a jeere he thus did ſay,
blaſpheming of our God,
But ſuch that will not him obey,
ſhall ſurely feel his Rod:
Like the Fole he ſaith there is no God,
but Men like Dogs muſt dye,
And have no other juſt reward,
of bliſs or Miſery.

But yet this Viper he is given
to covet after Gold,
Though neither he fears Hell nor Heaven
as this for truth is told:

A Commiſſion he did ſeek to have,
a Villanous act to doe,
Then liſt a while you ſtanders by,
and Ile declar't to you;

Quoth he, if I a grant might have,
and a commanding power,
Each marryed Couple I would brand,
to make their pleaſure ſower:
But if full forty ſhillings they,
to me would freely give,
They ſhould injoy their Loves in peace,
in Unity to live.

But thoſe which did this ſame deny,
ſhould feele my cruell ire,
With irons hot I would them burn,
beat with the flaming fire:
With which, impreſſion deep Ide make,
and were'em by my ſide,
The firſt that I in hand did take,
ſhould be a young-mans Bride.

Inhumane like thus would he deale
with thoſe new marryed,
His tyrant hand they ſure ſhould feele,
ſo ſoon as they were wed,
O what a Tyger would he prove,
if he in Office were,
The like before in all my life,
I never yet did here.

His savage mind doth thirst for blood,
he's of the swinish breed,
And on the churlish Cannibal,
on mens flesh he would feed:
And likewise the poore Female sex
he'd punish with a brand,
This all young folks he would perplex,
unless they'd strike his hand.

This great confusion in the Land,
about Religion sure,
Doe bring Mens hearts to hainous sins,
for all they'r counted pure:
They climbe so he high above their reach,
it is the Brothers tricks,
Then from the top they down doe fall
head-long and breake their Necks.

So by that meanes there epicures,
and Atheists they doe rise,
And Pharisees with their wild Sects,
Gods glory to despise,
The Antinomians lead the way,
for to commit all evill,
Saying to sin it's for their good,
though it lead them to the Divell.

When they in these wild wayes are first,
like Judas some dispaire,
And presently gae hang themselves,
in conscience troubled are:
Some drown themselves, some stob them-selves,
and some their throats doe cut.
When Men run headlong in their wayes,
Gods Grace from him doth shut.

God Christians be not thus seduc'd
by Wolves cloath'd in Sheep-skins,
For with your eyes you plainly see,
God plagues us for our sins.
If there be neither Heaven nor Hell,
how comes it then to passe,
In Winter time the Snow appears,
in Summer-time the Grasse:

The Sun the Moon, the Stars give light,
as God hath so decreed,
But he that saith there is no God,
is sure a fool indeed,
Let none delude you from the truth,
but faithfully believe,
That God is just in all his wayes,
so mayst thou Heaven receive.

These vile Sectarians doe annoy,
and fill the land with sin,
They'r sevenfold nearer the sons of Hell,
then when they did begin:
Believe not them, believe Gods Word,
so shalt thou live in peace,
And let true-hearted Christians pray,
that Englands wars may cease.

Lord blesse thy Ministers which teach
thy word in every Church,
And breake in to the Sectaryes,
that would thy people lurch:
Heaven prosper us that we may live,
so as with you to dwell,
For godly men shall goe to Heaven,
and wicked ones to hell.

London Printed for C. D. 1649.

FINIS.

The wofull lamentation of Miſtris *Iane Shore* a Goldſmiths wife of London, ſometimes K. *Edwards* Concubine, who for her wanton life came to a moſt miſerable end. Set forth for an example to all lewd women.

To the tune of *Line with me.*

Roſamond that was ſo faire,
d cauſe her ſorrowes to declare,
let Iane Shore with ſorrow ſing,
was beloued of a King:
wanton wiues in time amend,
ue and beauty will haue end.
oen yeeres my beauty bright,
oued deare of Lord & Knight:
yet the loue that they required,
was not as my friends deſired.
Parents they for thirſt of gaine,
ſband for me did obtaine:
their pleaſure to fulfill,
s forc'd to wed againſt my will.
Mathew Shore I was a wife,
Luſt brought ruine to my life:
then my life ſo lewdly ſpent,
w makes my ſoule for to lament.
unbard ſtreet I once did dwell,
London yet can witneſſe well:
ere many Gallants did behold
eauty in a ſhop of gold.
o my plumes as wantons doe,
e ſweet and ſecret friend to woo,
uſe my loue I did not find,
eeing to my wanton mind.
ſt my name at Court did ring,
the eares of Englands King,
o came and lik'd, & loue required,
I made cop what he deſired.
Miſtris Blage a neighbour nere,
ſe friendſhip I ſo deare,
yet it was a gouernt ing,
eloued of a King.
r perſwaſions I was led,
d de[illegible] my marriage bed,
[illegible] my wedded husband Shore,
[illegible] before.

In heart and mind I did reioyce,
That I had made ſo ſweet a choiſe:
and therefore did my ſtate reſigne,
to be King Edwards Concubine.
From Citie then to Court I went,
And reapt the pleaſures of content:
I had the toyes that loue did bring,
and knew the ſecrets of a King.
When I was thus aduanc'd on high,
Commanding Edward with mine eye
for Miſtris Blage I in ſhort ſpace,
obtain'd a liuing of his Grace.
No friend I had but in ſhort time,
I made vnto promotion clime:
but yet for all this coſtly pride,
my husband could not me abide.
His bed though wronged by a King,
His hart with griefe did deadly ſting:
from England ſone he goes his way,
to end his life vpon the Sea.
He could not liue to ſee his fame,
Empaired by my wanton ſhame:
although a Prince of peerleſſe might
did reape the pleaſures of his right.
Long time I liued in the Court,
With Lords & Ladies of great port:
for when I ſmil'd all men were glad,
and when I mourn'd my prince grew ſad.
But yet an honeſt mind I bore,
To helpleſſe people that were poore:
I ſtill redreſt the Orphans cry,
& ſaued their liues condemn'd to die.
I ſtill had ruth on widdowes teares,
I ſuccour'd babes of tender yeeres:
and neuer lookt for other gaine,
but loue and thanks for all my pain.
At laſt my Royall King did dye,
And then my dayes of woe drew nye;
for when K. Richard got the crowne,
ſweet Edwards friends were ſoon put
I was then puniſht for ỳ ſin, (downe.
That I ſo long had liued in:
yea euery one that was my friend,
that tyrant brought to timeleſſe end.
Then for my lewde and wanton life,
Who made a Strumpet of a Wife:
I penance did in London ſtreet,
in ſhamefull manner in a ſheet.
Where many thouſands did me beh[illegible]
That late in Court my credit knew:
which made ỳ teares run downe my face
to think vpõ my foule diſgrace.

Not thus content, they take from me,
My goods, my liuings, and my fee:
& charg'd that none ſhould me relieue
nor any ſuccour to me giue.
Then vnto Miſtris Blage I went,
To whom my Iewels I had ſent,
in hope thereby to eaſe my want,
when riches fail'd, & loue grew ſcant
But ſhe denyed me the ſame,
When in my need for them I came:
to recompence my former loue,
out of the doores ſhe did me ſhoue.
Thus loue did vaniſh with my ſtate,
Which now my ſoule repents too late:
therefore example take by me,
that friendſhip parts in pouerty.
But yet a friend amongſt the reſt,
Whom I before had ſeene diſtreſt,
and ſau'd his life being indg'd to die,
did giue me food to ſuccour me.
For which by Law it was decreed,
That he was hang'd for his good deed:
his death did grieue me ten times more,
then I had dyed my ſelfe therefore.
Then thoſe to whom I had done good,
Durſt not reſtore me any food:
whereby in vaine I beg'd all day,
and ſtill in ſtreet by night I lay.
My gowns beſet with pearle and gold,
Were turn'd to ſimple garments cold:
my chaines, and gems, & golden rings,
to filthy rags and lothſome things.
Thus was I ſcorn'd of maid and wife,
For leading ſuch a wicked life:
both ſucking babes, and children ſmall
did make a paſtime of my fall.
I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed:
nor drinke but ſuch as kennell yeelds,
or ſtinking ditches in the fields.
Thus weary of my life at length,
I yeelded vp my vitall ſtrength:
within a ditch of lothſome ſent,
where carrion dogs do much frequent.
Which Ditch now ſince my dying day,
Is Shore-ditch cald, as Writers ſay,
which is a witneſſe for my ſinne,
for being Concubine to a King.
You wanton wiues that fall to luſt,
Be you aſſured that God is iuſt,
whoredome ſhall not eſcape his hand,
nor bide vnpuniſht in the Land.
If God to me ſuch ſhame did bring,
That yeelded onely to a King,
how ſhall they eſcape that daily run
to proſtitute [illegible] with euery man.
You husbands match not but for loue
Leſt ſome miſliking after proue:
women be warnd whē you are in
what plagues are due to luſtfull liues.
Then wanton wiues in time amend,
For loue and beauty will haue end.

FINIS.

At London printed by

The ſecond part of *Iane Shore*: wherein h[er] ſorrowfull husband bewaileth his owne eſta[te], h[is] wiues wantonneſſe, the wrongs of m[ar]riage, and the fall of pride: a warning for all wanton women to take heed by. To the tune of *Liue with me.*

IF ſhe that was faire Londons pride,
For beauty fam'd both far and wide,
With Swan-like ſong in ſadneſſe told
Her deepe diſtreſſes manifold:
then in the ſame let me alſo,
now beare a part of ſuch like woe.
Kind Mathew Shore men called me,
A Goldſmith once of good degrée,
And might haue liued long therein,
Had not my Wife been wooed to ſinne:
ah gentle Iane thy wanton race,
hath brought vs both to this diſgrace.
Thou hadſt all things at wiſh and will,
Thy wanton fancy to fulfill;
No London Dame or Merchants wife,
Did leade ſo ſweet and braue a life:
then gentle Iane the truth report,
why leftſt thou me to liue in Court?
Thou hadſt both gold and iewels ſtore,
No wife in London then had more:
And once a weeke to walke the field,
To ſee what pleaſure it would yeeld:
but woe to me, that liberty
hath brought vs both to miſery,
I wedded thee whilſt thou wert yong,
Before thou knewſt what dio belong
To husbands loue, or marriage ſtate,
Which brings repentance now too late:
thus wanton pride made thée vniuſt,
and ſo deceiued was my truſt.
But when the King poſſeſt my roome,
And crept the gallant Roſe bloome,
Faire Londons bloſſome and my ioy,
My heart was drowned in deepe annoy:
to thinke how vnto publike ſhame,
thy wanton loue brought my good name.
And then me thought each man & wife,
In teſting ſort accuſ'd my life,
And euery one to other ſaid,
that Shores faire wife had wanton plaid:
whereby I grew in mind to change
my dwelling in ſome country ſtrange.
Then lands and goods I ſold away,
And ſo from England went to ſea,
Oppreſt with griefe and wofull minde,
But left my cauſe of griefe behinde:
my louing wife whom once I thought
would neuer be to lewdneſſe brought.
But women now I well eſpy,
Are ſubiect to inconſtancy,
And few there be ſo true of loue,
But by long ſuite will wanton proue:
for fleſh is fraile and women weake,
when kings for loue great ſuit do make
But yet from England my depart,
Was with a ſad and heauy heart,
Whereof when as my leaue I tooke,
I ſent backe many a heauy looke,
deſiring God if it might be,
to ſend one ſigh ſweet Iane to thee.
For if thou hadſt but conſtant beene,
Theſe dayes of woe I ne're had ſeene:
But yet I griefe and mourne full ſore,
To think what plagues are kept in ſtore
for ſuch as careleſſe tread awry
the modeſt ſteps of conſtancy.
Ah gentle Iane, if thou didſt know
The vncouth paths I daily goe,
And wofull teares for thee I ſhed,
For wronging thus our marriage bed:
then ſure, I know, thou wouldſt cõfeſſe
my loue was true, though in diſtreſſe.
Both Flanders, France & Spaine I paſt,
And came to Turky at the laſt,
And then within that mighty Court,
I liued long in honeſt ſort:
deſiring God that ſits in heauen,
that louers ſinnes might be forgiuen.
And there aduanc'd thy lonely name,
Of liuing wights the faireſt Dame,
The praiſe of Englands beauties ſtain,
All which thy Huſband did maintaine:
and ſet thy picture there in gold,
for Kings and Princes to behold.
But when I thought vpon the ſinne,
Thy wanton thoughts delighted in,
I grieu'd that ſuch a comely face,
Should hold true honour in diſgrace:
And counted it a luckleſſe day,
wherein thou firſt didſt goe aſtray.
Deſirous then ſome newes to heare,
Of her my ſoule did loue ſo deare,
My ſecrets then I did impart
To one well ſkild in Magike Art,
who in a glaſſe did ſhew [illegible]
ſuch things as I deſired to k[now]
I there beheld thy Courtly ſtat[e]
Thy pompe, thy pride, thy glo[ry]
And likewiſe there I did beh[old]
My Iane in Edwards armes
thy ſecret loue I there eſpi[ed]
thy riſe, thy fall, and how th[y]
Thy naked beauty in the ſtreet,
I ſaw doe penance in a ſheet,
Barefoote before a Beadles wand,
With burning Tapers in thy hand:
and babes not hauing vſe of tongue,
ſtood pointing as thou paſt along.
Thus ended was this ſhame of thine,
Though God gaue yet no end to mine.
When I ſuppoſ'd thy name forgot,
And time had waſht away the blot:
then in anothers Princes raigne,
I came to England backe againe.
But finding here my friends decaid,
The Princes lawes I diſobaid,
And by true iuſtice iudg'd to dye,
For clipping gold in ſecrecie:
by gold was my beſt liuing made,
and ſo by gold my life decaid.
Thus haue you heard the wofull ſtrife,
That came by my vnconſtant wife:
Her fall, my death, wherein is ſhe[wn]
The ſtorie of a ſtrumpet le[ud]
in hope thereby all wome[n]
take heed how they th[eir]

The deſcription of *Iane Shore.*

This womans beauty hath beene highly praiſed by a famous Writer that liued in her time, named Sr *Thomas Moore*, who deſcribed her in this manner: before her death ſhe was poore & aged, her ſtature was meane, her haire of a dark yellow, her face round & full, her eyes gray, her body fat, white and ſmooth, her countenance cheerefull like to her condition. There is a Picture of hers now to bee ſeene in London, it is ſuch as ſhe was when ſhe roſe out of her bed in the morning, hauing nothing on but a rich Mantle cast vnder one arm ouer her ſhoulder, and ſitting in a Chaire, on which her naked arme did lye. What her Fathers name was, or where ſhe was borne, is not certainly known, but her Husband *Mathew Shore*, a yong man of right good parentage, wealth and behauiour, abandoned her bed after the King had made her his Concubine.

At London printed by G. P.

...Dity vpon the death of ROBERT DEVEREVX, late Earle of Eſſex, who was beheaded in the Tower of London, on Aſhwenſday in the Morning.

To the tune of welladay.

...ne is gon
...day,
...ght I grone
...e.

That firſt began the ſtrife,
And cauſed him to loſe his life,
And others did the like,
As well as hée.

Yet her Princely Maieſtie
graciouſly, graciouſly,
Hath pardon giuen frée
to many of them:
...e hath releaſed them quite,
...s giuen them their right,
...ery may pray both day and
God to defend her.

...oze, Thurſday in the night,
welladay, welladay,
With a heauy harted ſpright
as it is ſayd:
...'d him ſtill
...untly,
...s of ill,
...wne:
...oule fiend
...'re hath end
...e vertues friend
...ll.

...malle
...ntly:
...ho was

...s ſeene,
...Quéne,
...dome béene

...t home,
...ntly,
...was none,

...ine,
...name
...ame,

...ls.

...naile,

...ne,

...ne,

You noble Lords quoth he
welladay welladay,
That muſt the witneſſe be,
of this my death:
know I neuer lou'd papiſtrie
But did it ſtill deſie,
And euer thus did dye,
Héere in this place.

I haue a ſinner béen
welladay welladay:
Yet neuer wrong'd my Quéene
in all my life,
My God I did offend,
which grieues me at my end,
May all the reſt amend,
I doe forgiue them.

To the ſtate I ne're ment ill
welladay, welladay,
neither wiſht ỹ commons ill,
in all my life:
But loued all with my heart,
And alwayes take their part
Whereas there was deſart,
In any place.

Then mildely did he craue
mournefully mournefully,
He might that fauour haue
priuate to pray:
He then prayed heartely,
And with great fernency,
To God that ſits on hie,
For to receiue him.

And then he prayed againe
mournfully mournfully,
God to preſerue his Quéene
from all her foes:
And ſend her long to raigne,
True Iuſtice to maintaine,
And not to let proude Spaine,
Once to offend her.

His gowne he ſlipt of then
welladay welladay,
And put off his hat and band
an hung it by,
Praying ſtill continually,
To God that ſits on hie,
That he might patiently,
There ſuffer death.

My headeſman that muſt be,
then ſaide he chéerefullie,
Let him come héere to me,
That I may him ſée:
Who knéeled to him then,
Art thou (quoth he) the man,
Which art appointed now,
my life to trée?

Yes my Lord did he ſay
welladay, welladay,
Forgiue me I you pray
for this your death:
I heare doe thée forgiue,
And may true iuſtice liue,
No foule crime to forgiue,
Within their place.

then he knéeled down againe,
mournefully mournfully,
And was required by ſome
there ſtanding by:
To forgiue his enemies,
Before death cloſde his eyes
which he did in heartie wiſe,
Thanking them for it.

That they would remember
welladay, welladay: (him
That he might forgiue all them,
that had him wrõg'd: (leaue
Now my Lords I take my
ſweet Chriſt my ſoule receiue
Now when you will prepare,
For I am readie.

He laid his head on the block
welladay welladay:
But his doublet did let the
ſome there did ſay: (ſtroke
what muſt be don (quoth he)
Shall be done preſently,
Then his doublet off put he,
and laid downe againe.

Then his headeſman did his
cruelly, cruelly. (part
He was neuer ſéene to ſtart,
For all the blowes:
His ſoule it is at reſt,
in heauen among the bleſt,
Where God ſend vs to reſt,
...n it ſhall pleaſe him.

Finnis.

LONDON.
Printed by Edward-Allde.

A lamentable new Ballad vpon the Earle of Eſſex death.

To the tune of the Kings laſt Good-night.

ALL you that cry, O hone O hone
come now and ſing, O Lord with me,
For why our Iewell is from vs gone,
the valiant Knight of Chiualrie:
Of rich and poore beloued was he,
in time an honorable Knight,
When by our Lawes condemd to dye,
and lately toke his laſt God night.

Count him not like to Saint nor Campion,
(thoſe traitrous men) or Babington,
Nor like the Earle of Weſtmerland,
by whom a number were vndone:
He neuer yet hurt mothers ſonne,
his quarrell ſtil maintaind the right:
Which makes ỹ tears my cheeks down run:
when I thinke on his laſt God-night.

The Portingales can witnes be, 78
his Dagger at Liſbone gate he flung,
And like a knight of Chiualrie,
his chaine vpon the gate he hung:
Would God that he would thither come,
to fetch them both in order right:
Which thing was by his honor done,
yet lately toke his laſt God night.

The Frenchmen they can teſtifie,
the townes of Gourney he toke in:
And marched to Roane immediately,
not caring for his foes a pin.
With bullets then he pierced their ſkin,
and made them flée far from his ſight:
He at that time did credit win,
and now hath tane his laſt God-night.

And ſtately Cales can witnes well:
euen by his Proclamation right,
He did command them all ſtraightly,
to haue a care of Infants liues:
That none ſhould rauiſh maide nor wife,
wh ich was againſt their order right:
Therefore they praid for his long life,
which lately toke his laſt God-night.

Would God he had ne're Ireland knowne,
nor ſet his feet on Flanders ground:
Then might we well inioyed our owne,
where now our Iewell will not be found.
Which makes our woes ſtill to abound,
trickling with ſalt teares in my ſight:
To heare his name in our eares to ſound,
Lord Deuereux toke his laſt Godnight.

Aſhwedneſday that diſmall day,
when he came forth of his Chamber doore,
Vpon the Scaffold there he ſaw,
his headſman ſtanding him before.
The Nobles all they did deplore,
ſhedding their ſalt teares in his ſight:
He ſaid, farewell to rich and poore,
at his god morrow and good-night.

Farewell Elizabeth my gratious Quéene,
God bleſſe thée and thy counſell all:
Farewell my Knights of Chiualrie,
farewell my ſoldiers ſtout and tall:
Farewell the Commons great and ſmall,
into the hands of men I light;
My life ſhall make amends for all,
for Eſſex bids the world good-night.

Farewell deare wife and children thrée,
farewell my young and tender ſon,
Comfort your ſelues mourne not for me,
although your fall be now begun:
My time is come the glaſſe is run,
comfort your ſelues in former light,
Séing by my fall you are vndone,
your Father bids the world God-night.

Derrick thou knowſt at Cales I ſau'd
thy life, loſt for a rape there done,
Which thou thy ſelfe canſt teſtifye,
thine owne hand thrée and twenty hung:
But now thou ſeeſt my time is come,
by chance into thy hands I light.
Strike out thy blow that I may know,
thou Eſſex lou'dſt at his good-night.

When England counted me a Papiſt,
the workes of Papiſts I deſie,
I nere worſhipt Saint, nor Angell in heauen,
nor to the Virgin Mary I,
But to Chriſt which for my ſinnes did dye,
trickling with ſad teares in his ſight:
Spreading my armes to God on high,
Lord Ieſus, receiue my ſoule this night.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London by E. A.

Alas poore Tradeſ-men what ſhall we doe.

OR,

LONDONS Complaint through badneſſe of Trading, For work being ſcant, their ſubſtance is fadeing.

To the Tune of, *Hallow my Fancy Whether Wilt thou goe?*

A Midſt of melancholly trading,
out of my ſtore,
I found my ſubſtance fading
all my houſhold viewing,
which to ruine
Falls daily more and more:
Forth then I went
And walkt about the City,
Where I beheld
What mov'd my heart with pity:
And being home returned
I thought upon this ditty,
Alas poor Tradeſ-men
What ſhall we doe.

Shops, Shops, Shops, I diſcry now
with Windows ready ſhut,
They'l neither ſell nor buy now,
Whil ſt our Lords and Gentry,
are ith Countrey,
the more is our griefe god wott:
Woe to the cau ers
Of this ſeperation
Which bred the civill
Wars in this Nation.
It is the greateſt cauſe
Of Londons long vacation,
Alas poore Tradeſ-men
What ſhall we doe.

Forts in the fields new erected
where multitudes do run,
To ſee the ſame effected:
All their judgement ſpending,
and commending
the ſame to be well done:
But yet I feare,
Our digging and our ramming,
Scarſe can defend
The pooreſt ſort from famine,
For all the rich may have
As much as they can cramme in,
Alas poore tradeſ-men
What ſhall we doe.

One may perhaps have large
whil ſt thou and more complaines
Oppreſſed with their charge:
All this care and toyling,
with for moyling,
affords but little gains:
In hopes of peace
Our ſelves have deluded,
That on our ſtore
So far we have intruded,
Except a happy peace
Amongſt us be concluded,
Alas poore tradeſ-men
What ſhall we doe.

COme God be thank't is not ſcant yet,
and yet for ought we know
The poorer ſort may want it.
In the midſt of plenty,
more than twenty
have found it to be ſo:
For if they have not
Money for to buy it,
The richer ſort they
Have hearts for to deny it,
If that you l not believe me,
You l finde it when you try it,
Alas poore tradeſ-men
What,&c.

Whilſt we were wel imploied,
and nèd not for to play,
We plenty then enjoyed:
Every weeke a Noble
clear without trouble,
is better than eight pence a
Yet on the Sabbath day (day:
We u ſed to reſt us,
And went to'th Church
To pray,and God hath bleſt us.
But ſince the civill wars
Began for to moleſt us,
Alas poore tradeſ-men
What,&c.

All things ſo out of order,
the Father kills the Son,
Yet this they count no mu der
Wars are neceſſary,
oh no, but tarry,
I wiſh they'd not bin begun,
For where a Kingdom
Is of it ſelfe divided,
And people knows not
By whom they ſhould be gui-
It is too great a matter (ded
By me to be decided.
Alas poore tradeſ-men
What,&c.

Now to conclude my ditty,
the Lord ſend England peace
And plenty in this City:
Grant the land may flourish,
long for to nourish
us with her bleſt increaſe.
Our Gracious King,
The Lord preſerve and bleſſe
With ſafe return (him
To them that long do miſſe
And ſend him to remain (him,
With them that well do wiſh
Alas poor tradeſ-men (him,
What ſhall we doe.

LONDON, Printed for *Francis Grove*. FINIS.

...e bloody murder committed on the bodies of *Henry ...owell*, and his wife, vpon Queenes Downe, were execu-ted and hanged in chaines, neere the same place on the 18. day of March, 1633.

To the tune of, *Fortune my Foe.*

...ountreymen and our acquaintance all,
...take by this our sodaine fall,
...ands in blod that's innocent,
...nce we both too late repent.

...es of murther pierceth heauen,
...liance craues to be forgiuen,
...deserues ten thousand deaths:
...ued diuers of their breaths.

...reles man that did no hurt intend,
...butcher-like we brought vnto his end,
...d that good woman his most loving wife
...inhumanely bereaued we of life,

...e great with child (oh how it grieues our hearts
...at we should act such bloody tragicke parts!)
...harmeles infant that was in her wombe,
...like wise slew, whose mother was its tombe.

...eir other children sitting by the fire
...like wise hurt, who mercy did require,
...mercy had, nor grace at all,
...hen as these Babes for life did cry and call.

...od for the same no mercy here we find:
...serued death are for our sinnes assign'd,
...death is our doome, we here our sines must pay,
...our glasse is out, this is our dying day.

...meles end for our most shamefull sinne
...must receiue, that we haue liued in,
...in this trouble we resigne our breaths
...-not all, though here we die this death.

...ses must no burial place possesse,
...our doome for our vild wickednesse,
...Earth & Heauē we here must hang in chains
...ng as sinewes, flesh or bones remaines.

...wles of the aire our eyes they forth will pull,
...on our flesh, and peck vpon our scull,
...shall be pointing stocks to every one
...at passeth by, though we are dead and gone.

...th scornes to hide our bodies from the light,
...in the ayre most tottering hang in sight,
...ere in Kent we ne're shall bee forgot,
...ugh our ioints by peecemeale dropping rot,

Vnto each other Trauellers will say,
See you those Murtherers, as they passe this way;
Those are the villaines that the blod did spill
Of innocents, thats hanging on yon hill.

Thus shall we be discourse for after-times,
Which we deserue most iustly for our crimes,
And we shall be recorded for this feat,
That we so mercilesse and foule did eat.

Great God forgiue our sinnes that are so foule,
And vnto mercy take each sinfull Soule,
Deale not in Iustice with our sinnes, O Lord,
But grace and pardon to our soules afford.

Thy mercy (Lord) is greater than our sinne;
And if thou please in Heauen to let vs in,
We doe repent vs of our wicked deed,
The thought of which doth make our soules to bleed.

But woe to him that was the cause of this,
Which did intice vs first to doe amisse,
Oh bloody Marbie, it was long of thee
We did consent to do this villanie.

Though thou art fled, yet God will find thee out,
And will take vengeance on thee, there's no doubt,
He'l not let scape so foule and vild a crime,
As he hath iustly done on vs this time.

But we confesse, we haue deserv'd to dye,
And to the Lord we now for mercy cry:
Receiue vs, Jesus Christ, to thee we pray,
Whose precious blod wash all our sinnes away.

Thus haue you heard how these same two did dye,
Ending their lines with shame and infamy,
And one of them that was on th'other side,
Converted, and a Protestant he dide.

The Lord (no doubt) to them did mercy lend,
Who were so penitent before their end,
Their soules I hope in Heauen aboue doe dwell;
But yet another bloody tale Ile tell.

FINIS.

77

Another Bloody murther committed neere VVare, in Hartfordſhire, by ſome notorious offenders, who were executed in the ſame moneth. *To the ſame Tune.*

KInd hearts giue eare to that which I ſhall tell
Of a ſad ſtory which of late befell,
In Hartfordſhire neere Ware did chance this thing,
Which cauſ'd ſalt teares from many eyes to ſpring.

Two men were riding in an euening late,
That had a charge of money and eſtate, 82
And homeward they intended for to goe,
But deſtiny doth oftentimes ſay no.

And for theſe men foure villaines they did watch,
Which had way-layd thē how they them might catch:
At him which was the formoſt they did lay,
But his ſwift horſe did beare him ſafe away.

The next they hit, and fell'd him
And rifling him, they gaue him
So leauing him, as they did
Hauing his gold, away they

Yet one of them did backward
And did perceiue him ſtir as he
Saying, Ile backe, and giue him
For euery one of vs he will both

And with his ſtaffe his braines he out did
Then ſtraight this villaine to them did retreat
But marke how God did bring this thing to
For blood and murther he will ſome requite.

One of theſe theeues a piece of Gold would
With one that knew him, that did
He ſhould haue gold, yet not the
Into ſuſpition ſtraite his mind it

And hearing of the murther done of late,
Would vnderſtand how he came by this
And threatning him, he then confeſt ſtraite
Both him and them which that ſame man did

They were conuicted, and by Law were
And for the ſame all foure of them they
And he that laſt went backe, did ſuffer death,
Juſt in the place he ſpent the true mans

And at the common Execution place,
The other three did end their facall race,
A iuſt reward for murtherers in their kind
That beare ſo baſe and foule a bloody

For he that ſits aboue the heauenly ſkye,
Viewes all below with his all-ſeeing eye
And will take vengeance when he ſees his
On all that glories barmeleſſe blood to

Great God, preſerue vs from all ſodaine
Prepare our ſoules before we loſe our
Make vs all ready for the day to come,
When thou ſhalt giue to euery one

FINIS

London, Printed for *H. G.*

The willy, witty, neat, and pritty, Damſell:

VVhich to a Souldier often made this anſwer,
I dare not doe no more nor the back of your hand Sir,
To the tune of, *The Oyle of Barly.*

NOtlong agone,
As alking a one,
Abroad to take the aire,
Under a ſhaid,
I ſpyd a Maid,
Both beautifull and faire
Sure (ſaid quoth I,
In courtſie,
To make me ſom thing bouldr,
Exchange a kiſſe,
And do not miſſe,
With me that am a Souldier,
Which ſhe deni'd,
And thus repli'd,
Being ready with her anſwer,
Forbeare to woe,
For I dare not doe, (Sir.
No more nor the back of your hand

What is the cauſe
My bony Laſſe,
That thou ſhouldſt now denye me
In my Love
Will conſtant prove,
If thou'lt be pleaſ'd to try me
Then about the waſt,
I her embraſt,
And in plaine termes I told her,
I would her beed,
And alſo weed,
If ſhe would love a Souldier,
Which ſhe deni'd &c.

Ile give thee Rings,
And coſtly things,
Fine braſſe's of rich amber,
If that my will,
Thou wilt fulfill,
And walke into my chamber,
There may we prove,
The tricks of Love,
And I ſhall be more bolder,
When as I lee,
Thou wilt agree,
To Love a valiant Souldier,
Which ſhe, &c.

Ile deck thee brave
And thou ſhalt have,
Both dainty faire and clothing,
My love to thee,
Shall be ſo free,
Ile let thee want for nothing,
In garments gay,
Each holy day,
Thou ſhalt both pearle & Gold wear
Like Loves faire Queene,
Thou ſhall be ſeene,
If thou wilt wed a Souldier,
Which ſhe &c.

A Beaver hat,
Be ſure of that,
Ile for a faring give thee,
A ſilken gowne,
With Lace lade downe,
Sweet heart thou maiſt believe me
Warme Muffes, new Ruffes,
Bone lace and Cuffes,
Moſt gorgious to behold ſure,
If thou'lt love mee,
As I ſee love thee,
Believe me as a Souldier,
Which ſhe &c.

The ſecond part, To the ſame Tune.

A Souldiers wife
Lives a merry life.
And 'tis a type of honour,
In every place,
To have the grace,
Of Ladies put upon her.
Which honour have,
Thy ſelfe ſhall have,
Then prethy Love be bolder,
Be not ſo coy,
Let me injoy,
Thy love and be a Souldier,
Which ſhe denied,
And thus replied
Being ready with his anſwer,
Forbare to woe,
For I dare not doe, (Sir.
No more nor the back of your hand

If I quoth ſhe,
Should wed with thee,
We both might faile in carriage,
My age is greene,
I'me ſcarce fifteene,
'Tis a little to young for marriage,
Without delay,
I meane to ſtay,
Tell I am ſomthing older,
I find as yet,
I am unfit,
To meddle with a Souldier,
Therefore away. &c,

There are young men,
Both now and then,
Whoſe wits are very nimble,
They'le cog they'le lie,
They'le falſifie,
They'le flatter and diſſemble,
Untell they have,
What they do crave,
And after vowes they care not,
Therefore be ſtill,
I'ſt be your will.
To truſt you Sir I dare not,
Forbeare quoth ſhe, 84
I pray let be,
Take this word for an anſwer,
Although you woe
I will not doe, (Sir.
No more nor the back of your hand

I in ſome part,
Could find in heart,
To leave for thee my dear,
My maiden head,
Which I have kept,
Almoſt this fifteene yeare,
But if with ſhame,
Could ſtaine my name,
It would be my undoing
Therefore kind Sir,
I pray ſtand farre,
And leave your diſpute wo
Pish fie be gone,
Let me alone,
Take this word for an anſwe
Forbeare to woe,
For I dare not doe,
No more nor the back of your ha

I knew a Maid,
That was betraid,
Her name was pritty Nelly,
A young man ſtaid,
And with her plaid,
Till he got up her belly,
Which being done,
Away he runs,
He being but a ſtranger,
Which makes me ſay,
As well I may,
Such truſting breeds much danger
Therefore &c.

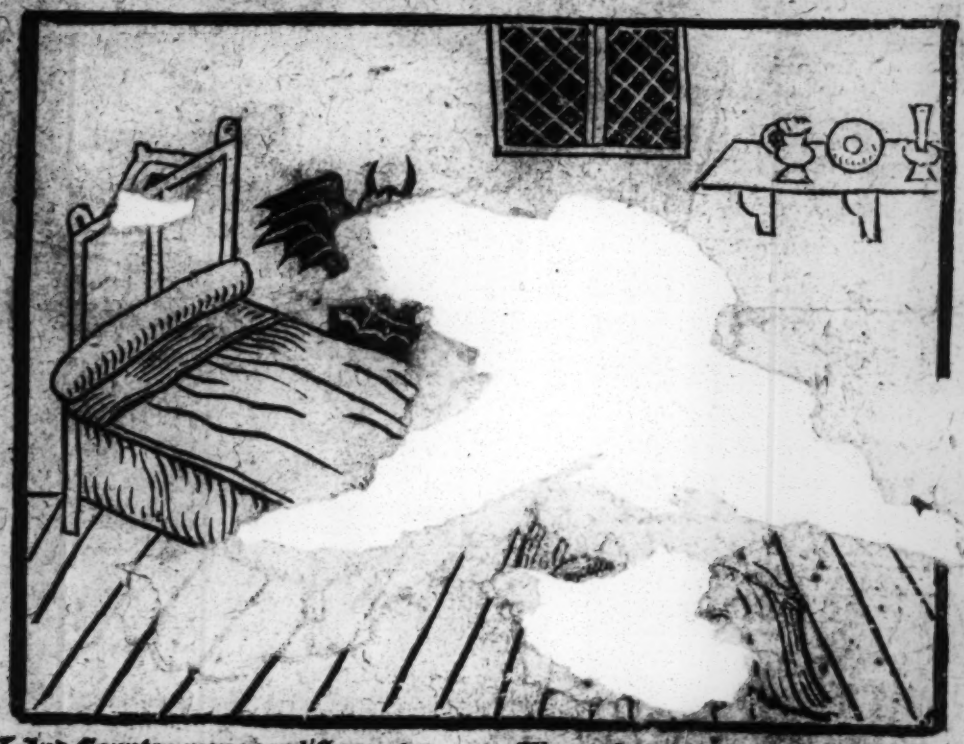
When I had beene,
So long and ſeene,
This Damſells diſpoſion,
We both departed,
Merry hearted,
She having made condition,
For me to ſtay,
Untell the day,
That I returne from Gloſter,
To end all ſtrife,
Shee'le be my wife,
She ſayes what ere it coſt her,
And thus the jeaſt,
I have expreſt, &c.

Printed by John Hammond.

The wicked Midwife, the cruell Mother, and the harmeleſſe Daughter.

OR,

A cruell Murther committed upon a new-borne Childe by the Midwife, whom the Grandmother of the Childe hyred to kill, but unknowne to the Mother of the Childe: Now the Mother of this Infant being falſely accuſed by her owne Mother, was executed at *Lancaſter* Aſſize, at Midſummer laſt. To the tune of, *The bleeding Heart.*



KInd Country-men pray liſten now,
And Ile declare that all may know
What chance in Lancaſhire befell,
With teares of woe the ſame I tell.

I well may ſpeake in teares of woe,
The like vile deed I neer did know,
But now in theſe our latter dayes,
Many offend in wicked wayes.

Forth from the North comes heavy newes,
As all may thinke by this inſues:
My Pen muſt write of bloody crimes,
Which hath beene acted of late times.

There lived a Maiden young and faire,
Which many young men loved deare:
And him that ſhe eſteem'd of beſt,
Did her moſt wrong of all the reſt.

He with alluring charmes beguild
This Maide, till ſhe was got with childe.
Now here begins this Maidens woes,
As the inſuing verſes ſhowes.

Now when ſhe found ſhe was defilde,
And that he had got her with childe,
Then unto him ſhe made her moane,
Deſiring it might not be knowne.

Quoth he, ſweet Heart, Ile marry thee
as poſſible it may be.

Then to her Mother ſhe did goe,
Intreating her it might be ſo,
But ſhe vild woman it denide,
And ſaid ſhe ſhould not be his Bride.

Daughter, quoth ſhe, you are too young,
Therefore I charge you hold your tongue.
Seven yeares longer you ſhall tarry
Before any young man you marry.

This anſwers ſtill her Mother made,
Untill ſhe ſaw her Daughter fade,
By perfect tokens ſhe did find,
What did torment her Daughters mind.

And then ſhe her examined,
Who told the truth and neer denide,
Poore Maid, with ſorrow, griefe, and care,
Unto her Mother did declare,

Deſiring that ſhe might be wed,
To him that gain'd her maidenhead:
But her vild Mother it denide,
Quoth ſhe, for thee I will provide.

Thou ſhalt not come to any ſhame,
For there is none ſhall know the ſame.
You ſhall ſecretly live with me,
Till that you safe delivered be.

Her time expired that ſhe muſt be
[illegible] of paine ſet free:
[illegible]

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.

Quoth ſhe I will give you five pound,
So I may find you ſafe and ſound,
To keepe my counſell in this caſe,
And not declare't in any wayes.

But firſt I'le have you for to ſweare,
Ere I to you will it declare,
In this thing that I doe intend,
That you will prove my ſecret friend.

The Midwife made a ſolemne vow,
That none from her the ſame ſhould know,
If you'l pay me well for my hire,
I'le doe any thing you require.

Why then quoth ſhe, the cauſe is this,
My Daughter now in labour is,
And I doe crave your helpe and skill.
My Daughter ſaide, but her Child kill.

Quoth the Midwife, I will doo ſo,
Then homewards they made haſte to goe,
Where they found her in extreme woes.
In ſtead of friends, they prove her foes.

Shee being come to this poore ſoule.
Who durſt not them for to controule:
Yet thus her Mother ſtill ſhe pray'd
Her to have ſome more Womens ayde.

But ſhe would not thereto conſent,
Becauſe of her devilliſh intent.
They her delivered of a boy.
The which the Midwife bore away.

And as her Mother had decreed,
The Midwife wrought this horrid deed,
For the the pretty Babe did kill,
And buried it in a Dunghill.

They told the Mother of the Childe
That ſhe with it ſhould not be toyled:
And better for to ſhun all blame,

Mother, quoth ſhe, pray have a care
Of this my onely Child ſo deare.
Daughter quoth ſhe, be reconcil'd,
For I'le be carefull of your Child.

The Midwife now for money comes,
Expecting to have the whole ſummes:
But ſhe that ſhould have paid the ſame,
Said, for her hire, ſhe ſhould have blame.

Quoth ſhe, how could you have the heart,
To act ſo vile a bloody part:
I'le give you nothing for your hire,
Thoſe ſpeeches ſet her heart on fire.

Away ſhe went thence preſently,
Whereas the murdered Child did lie,
She takes it up and brings it home,
And laid it in a darkſome roome.

Then ſhe to the old woman ſaid,
Looke in that roome the Child is laid:
It will a witneſſe be I doubt
Againſt your ſelfe when it comes out.

Now hearing of her to ſay ſo,
Into the roome ſhe ſtraite did goe,
The Child from thence ſhe did convay,
Under the bed where her Daughter lay.

And then her neighbours ſhe call'd in,
As though ſhe had not guilty beene:
Quoth ſhe, my Daughter is moſt vild,
For ſhe hath murthered her Child.

Her Daughter being thus betraid,
Deſired Heavens to be her ayd,
She ſcarcely did the ſame deny,
But ſhe lamented bitterly.

To priſon ſhe conveyed was,
From thence unto the Judgement place,
Where ſentence was that ſhe muſt die.
[illegible] ſhe did [illegible]

She ſaid that ſhe was [illegible]
Yet ſhe was willing [illegible]
Becauſe her Mother [illegible]
In ſuch a horrid wic[illegible]

When ſhe came to [illegible]
Where cruell pangs [illegible]
Unto her Mother ſh[illegible]
Craving her bleſſing [illegible]

Quoth ſhe, I here di[illegible]
At which word many [illegible]
The world I freely [illegible]
Thus did ſhe die, tha[illegible]

Her Mother ſeeing o[illegible]
Began for to lam[illegible]
Now ſhe no longe[illegible]
For all the truth ſh[illegible]

She told how all [illegible]
And how the Midw[illegible]
But money was [illegible]
That brought the[illegible]

Quoth ſhe my D[illegible]
But my money [illegible]
For love of tha[illegible]
Which now bri[illegible]

Her Mother no[illegible]
And there muſt [illegible]
But then ſhe m[illegible]
'Tis pitty that ſ[illegible]

The Midwife [illegible]
Becauſe ſhe kill'd [illegible]
Into a Well her [illegible]
Where ſhe lay [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

...w Ball[a]d of *Tobias*: Wherein is ſhewed the wonderfull things which
...d to him in his youth; and how he wedded a yong Damſell that had had ſeven
Husbands, and never enjoyed their company: Who were all
ſlaine by a wicked Spirit.

...Ninive old Toby dwelt,
...an aged man and blind was he,
...much affliction he had felt,
...hich brought him unto poverty.

...ban by Anna his true wife,
...ie onely ſon and eke no more,
...hich was the comfort of his life,
...nd he by him did ſet great ſtore.

...brought him up moſt vertuouſly,
...true obedience and awe,
...every day he did apply,
...feare the Lord and keep his Law.

...a time it came to paſſe,
...call'd to him his ſon with ſpeed,
...thus to him his words did frame
...m, quoth he, thou knowſt my need:

...muſt unto Gabael goe,
...aguels houſe in Media Land,
...to lend him long agoe,
...lents on his onely hand.

...deare, Tobias ſaid,
...ommand ſtraight will I goe,
...I get the mony paid
...e man I did nere know:

...e the writings then quoth he,
...is ſufficient being ſeene,
...a guide to goe with thee,
...that way haſt never beene.

...ias ſon had got,
...in the ſhape of man,
...ig he did not know, God wot,
...d did ſo appoint it than.

...with his bleſſed guide,
...on his iourney then with ſpeed,
...they came to Tygris ſide
...faire ſtood they did abide,

Tobias would goe waſh him there,
by reaſon of the Summers heat,
A mighty fiſh put him feare,
which lept out of the waters great.

Cut up the fiſh, the Angell ſaid,
but keep the Liver, Heart, and Gall,
To doe the ſame be not affraid,
great cures there ſhall be don withall.

When this was don, away they went,
and comming neere their iourneies end,
Wee'l lodge to night the Angell ſaid,
with Raguel thy fathers friend.

He hath a daughter faire of face,
and alſo of a vertuous life,
And when we come into that place,
Ile ſpeake that ſhe may be thy wife.

Why Azarias then, quoth he,
ſo Tobie did the Angell call;
I wis ſhe is no wife for me,
ſwift death doth to her Lovers fall.

Seven men have to her married beene,
which in her love did take delight,
When her bed-chamber they have ſeene,
they have not liv'd out halfe the night.

A wicked ſpirit loves her ſo,
he will not ſuffer any man,
With her into the bed to goe,
but works his death doe what he can.

The Angell ſaid, good courage take,
for ſo it ſhall not be with thee
For ſuch perfumes I will thee make,
the wicked Spirit away ſhall flee.

To Raguels houſe away they went
where Sara met them faire and bright,
And after ſalutations done,
ſhe brought him to her Parents ſight.

Great cheer they made, & downe they sat
and all for yong Tobias sake,
And after long and pleasant chat,
betwixt these two a match they make.

By Moses law they married were,
the Brides bed chamber prepar'd likewise,
When young Tobias came in there,
the teares fell downe from Sara's eyes.

A Pan of Coales he brought with him,
the Fishes Heart and Liver there,
Which in that fire he did cast in,
which cast a savour every where.

And by that sweet and precious smell,
the wicked spirit was displac'd,
Within that roome he could not dwell,
whereout away he went in hast.

In bed they lay'd the beauteous Bride,
the chamber doore they shut therefore,
Young Toby lay downe by her side,
whom he did thinke to see no more.

And therefore Raguel in the night,
for him before had made a grave,
And to his wife he wept and said,
there is no meanes his life to save.

One of the Maidens send quoth he,
to see how all the matter stands,
If it be so that dead he be,
he shall be buried by my hands.

The Maiden joyfull newes did bring,
Tobias is alive quoth she,
When Raguel then heard of this thing,
he did reioyce exceedingly.

For joy he made a solemne feast,
the Bridall fourteene dayes he ker
Thereto came many a friendly gue
in sorrow now no more they s

Then Azarias went straight way,
and to the feast Gabael brought,
Reioycing at this marriage day,
did pay the money which he ought.

But yet old Toby and his wife,
did all the time in sorrow dwell,
They thought their son had lost his life,
and nothing could their griefs expell.

His aged mother every day,
did watch along the high way side.
And for his welfare oft did pray,
no meate nor drinke she could abide.

But when the wedding ended was,
young Toby with his lovely Bride,
To Ninive did homeward passe,
with goods and cattell on each side.

But Toby and the Angell bright,
before his wife made haste to goe,
For to prepare all things aright,
his lovely Bride to welcome tho.

His mother watching in the way,
full soone espide her tender son,
Reioycing at the happy day,
she tould her husband he was come,

Whereat old Toby stumbled out
for he was blind and could
Young Toby with the fish
rubb'd both his ey
Whereat the wh
incontinent
So that bef
h

London Printed by E.

The Norfolke Gentleman his last VVill and Testament:

And how hee committed the keeping of his Children to his owne Brother, who dealt most wickedly with them: and how God plagued him for it.

To the tune of Rogero.

Now ponder well you parents deare,
The words which I shall write,
All from you shall heare,
Which time hath brought to light.
A Gentleman of good account,
In Norfolke he did late,
Live with credit and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate,
Sore sick he was and like to die,
No helpe he had,
Both wife and child from him must lie,
Alone he must be laid.

Which might not be contrould;
But if these Children chance to die,
Ere they to age should come,
Their Uncle should possesse this wealth,
And so the Will did runne.
Now Brother said the dying man,
Loke to my Children deare,
Be good unto my Boy and Girle,
No friends else have here.
To God and you I doe commend
My Children night and day,
A little time be sure wee have
In this world to stay.
You must be father and mother both,
And Uncle all in one,
God knowes what will become of them,
When wee are dead and gone.

God blesse you both my little lambes,
With that the teares did fall.
These speeches then their brother spake
To this sick couple there,
The keeping of your Children young,
Sweet sister do not feare;
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor ought else that I have,
If I do wrong your Children small,
When you are laid in grave.
Their Parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them home unto his house,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty Babes,
A twelvemonth and a day,
But for their wealth he did devise,
To make them both away.
He bargain'd with two Ruffians rude,
That were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young
And slay them in the Wood:
And told his Wife and all the rest,
He did the Children send,
To be brought up in faire London,
With one that was his friend.

The second part. To the same tune.

AWay then went these pretty Babes,
reioycing of that tide,
And smiling with a merry minde,
they should on cockhorse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
as they rode on their way,
To them that should their butchers bee,
and worke their lives decay.
So that the pretty speech they had,
made many tears to trickle down,
And thus they rode this weetched dead,
full sore they did repent:
Yet one of them more hard of heart,
did vow to doe his charge,
Because the wretch that hired them,
had paid them very large.
The other would not gree thereto,
so here they fell at strife,
With one another they did fight,
about these Children's life.
And he that was of mildest mood,
did kill the other there,
within an unfrequented wood,
whiles Babes did quake for feare.
He took the children by the hand,
when tears stood in their eye,
And bade them come and goe with him,
and loue they did not cry.
And two long miles hee led them thus
when they for bread complaine,
Stay here (quoth he) Ile bring you bread
when I doe come againe.
Thus pretty Babes with hand in hand,
went wandering up and downe,
But never more they saw the man,
approaching from the towne.
Their pretty lips with blackberries,
were all besmear'd and dy'd,
And when they saw the darksome night,
they sate them downe and cry'd.
Thus wandred these two little Babes
till death did end their griefe.
In one anothers armes they dy'd,
as Babes wanting reliefe.
No burial these pretty Babes,
of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast painefully,
did cover them with leaves.
And now the heavy wrath of God,
upon their Uncle fell:
Yea fearefull fiends did haunt his house
his conscience felt no hell.
His barnes were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
his land was barren made,
His cattle dy'd within the fields,
and nothing with him stayd.
And in the voyage of Portugall,
two of his sonnes did die,
And to conclude, himselfe was brought,
to extreame misery.
He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land,
ere seaven yeares went about.
And now at length this wicked act,
did by this meanes come out.
The fellow which did take in hand,
these Children for to kill,
Was for a robbery hang'd to death,
as was Gods blessed will,
Who did confesse the very truth,
the which is here expresst.
Their Uncle died, while he for debt,
in prison long did rest.
All you that be Executors made,
and overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherlesse,
and infants mild and meeke,
Take you example by the same,
and warne to keepe their right,
Lest God with like miserie,
your wicked mindes requite.

FINIS.

Printed for I. W.

The Royall Health to the Rising Sun.

To the tune of, *O my pretty little winking, &c.*

AS I was walking forth one day,
I heard distressed people say,
Our Peace and Plenty now is gone,
And we poor people quite undone:
A Royall Health I then begun
Unto the rising of the Sun,
Gallant English Spirits
doe not thus complaine,
The Sun that sets
may after rise againe.

The Tempest hath indured long,
We must not say, we suffer wrong,
The Queene of Love sits all alone,
No man is Master of his owne,
A Royall Health I then begun
Unto the rising of the Sun,
Gallant English Spirits
doe not thus complaine,
The Sun that sets
may after rise againe.

We ouer-whelmed are with griefe,
And harbour many private Thiefe,
Poore House-keepers can hardly live,
Who us'd in former times to give:
A Royall Health I then begun
Unto the rising of the Sun,
Gallant English Spirits
doe not thus complaine,
The Sun that sets
may after rise againe.

The Thistle thanks the Royal Rose,
And al our bosome friends turn'd foes,
The Irish Harpe is out of tune,
And we God knowes undon too soone
A Royall Health I then begun
Unto the rising of the Sun,
Gallant English Spirits
doe not thus complaine,
The Sun that sets
may after rise againe.

TRue love and friendſhip doth now decay,
Poore People's almoſt ſtarv'd they ſay,
Our Trading's ſpoyl'd, and all things deare
We may complaine, and ne're the neare:
A Royall Health I then begun
Unto the riſing of the Sun,
Gallant Engliſh Spirits
doe not thus complaine,
The Sun that ſets
may after riſe againe.

Though all be true that here is ſaid,
Kind Countrey-men be not diſmaid,
For when the woſt of harmes is paſt,
We ſhall have better times at laſt,
A Royall Health I then begun
Unto the riſing of the Sun,
Gallant Engliſh Spirits
doe not thus complaine,
The Sun that ſets
may after riſe againe.

When Rulers caſt off ſelfe-reſpects,
Then ſhall our Yoaks fall from our Necks,
Our ſafeties ſhall not then depend
On promiſe of a Faithleſſe Friend:
A Royall Health I then begun
Unto the riſing of the Sun,
Gallant Engliſh Spirits
doe not thus complaine,
The Sun that ſets
may after riſe againe.

When as the Clond of Warre is downe,
The Royall Sun enjoyes the Crowne,
The Lamb ſhall with the Lyon feede,
'Twill be a happy time indeed:
A Royall Health I then begun
Unto the riſing of the Sun,
Gallant Engliſh Spirits
doe not thus complaine,
The Sun that ſets
may after [illegible]riſe againe.

Let us cheare up each other then,
And ſhew our ſelves true Engliſh-men,
And not like bloody Wolves and Beares;
As we have bin theſe many yeares,
A Royall Health I then begun
Unto the riſing of the Sun,
Gallant Engliſh Spirits
doe not thus complaine,
The Sun that ſets
may after riſe againe.

The Father of our Kingdom's dead,
His Royall Son from England's fled,
God ſend all well that Warre may ceaſe,
And wee enjoy a happy Peace;
A Royall Health I then begun
Unto the riſing of the Sun,
Gallant Engliſh Spirits
doe not thus complaine,
The Sun that ſets
may after riſe againe.

London Printed for H. E. 1649.

Gallant Newes from the seas.

Being a Relation of certaine speeches made by Prince *Charles*, the Duke of *Yorke*, the Lord *Montroſſe*, Sea-men and Land-men, with their Reſolutions: Gathered together by a Sea-man lately come from Sea, and framed into a Song by him; whoſe name is *Tom Smith*.

To the tune of, *The Fleet at Sea*.

RAuſe up your ſpirits and make haſte away,
and caſt away needleſſe ſorrow and care,
There is ſuch a Navy of Ships on the Sea,
that hath not bin ſeene this thouſand yeares:
With tan ta ra ra ra, tan ta ra ra,
Tan ta ra ra ra, tan ta ra ra.

95

Wee Sea-men bidde you to helpe in each thing
you Land-men if ever you meane to be bleſt,
From whom your joy and comfort doth ſpring,
without whom your Land can neuer habe reſt,
With tan ta ra ra ra, &c.

With that beſpake the Duke ſo bold,
follow my counſell every one,
You ſhall want neither Silver nor Gold,
in ſetting my Brother now on his throne:
With tan ta ra ra ra, &c.

Then quo Prince Charles did ſend them word,
that they ſhould not be ſo forward be,
For I am unwilling to draw my Sword,
I'd rather haue them yeeld to me:
With tan ta ra ra ra, &c.

Vp Lord Montroſſe, did anſwer and ſay,
will you ſtand ſtill and loſe your right?
They doe but laugh at your delay,
but wee are reſolved with them to fight:
With tan ta ra ra ra, &c.

Your Sea-mens hearts are valiant and true,
they with that right may now take place,
They'l ſpend their deareſt blood for you,
ſo well they love your Royall Grace:
With tan ta ra ra ra, tan ta ra ra,
Tan ta ra ra ra ra, tan ta ra ra.

The second Part, to the same Tune.

With that bespake the Sea-men then, (hope,
with good Prince Charles wee'l live and
Wee'l shew our selves right honest men,
fight for our Prince and liberty:
With tan ta ra ra ra, tan ta ra ra,
Tan ta ra ra ra, tan ta ra ra.

There's none of them all though they be base,
shall ever bring us to their Bow,
Wee'l hope to none but to his Grace,
to whom true honour now is due:
With tan ta ra ra ra, &c.

When the Land-souldiers heard these words,
their joy of heart did much abound,
Quoth they, while wee have strength & words,
wee will not yeeld an inch of ground:
With tan ta ra ra ra, &c.

Stand you stiff brave Sea-men wee pray,
and wee shall soone our Foes confound,
We will not rest by night nor day,
untill wee make Prince Charles renown'd:
With tan ta ra ra ra, &c.

And when wee bring him to his right,
wee hope these Civill Wars will cease,
Wee shall have then no cause to fight,
if God and they conclude a peace:
With tan ta ra ra ra, &c.

Here's a Health to all by Sea and Land,
that doth the Royall Cause defend,
That bravely for Prince Charles will stand,
to bring his troubles to an end:
With tan ta ra ra ra, &c.

God send's the rule wee had before,
'twill be the better for honest men,
'twill be the better for rich and poore,
for wee shall have no full-hood then:
With tan ta ra ra ra, &c.

God blesse the man that made this Song,
for he hath honestly plaid his part,
'Tis pitty he should suffer wrong,
who loves the Prince with all his heart:
With tan ta ra ra ra, tan ra ra ra,
Tan tara ra ra, tan ta ra ra.

Printed for W. J. 1648.

FINIS.

The Ragman

OR,

A Company that fell at oddes one day,
Which of them ſhould carry the Cunny skins away,
They ſtrove who ſhould have it, but none of them wiſe,
For the Uſurer and the Devill carry away the prize.

To the Tune of *Upon the higheſt Mountaines*, or, *The abſence of my Miſtreſſe*

There was a Ragman and a mad man
As they trabelled on a day,
There came a Begger and a Wagman
And ſtole the Cunny skins away:
Quoth the mad man
to the Ragman
I habe it in my braine,
to make the Begger
and the Wagman
Bring the Cunny skins againe.

Then with a cup of ſuddle
The Mad man he did take
The Wagman on the neddle
Till his braines began to ake,
till the Begger
he did ſtagger
He had drunke himſelfe ſo blind:
thus they payd them
till they made them
Leave the Cunny skins behind.

It was a Lock-ſmith and a Drinker
As they went forth on a day,
They met a Black-ſmith and a Tinker
Stole the Cunny skins away:
quoth the Lock-ſmith
to the Drinker
I will take him o're the braine,
I'le make the Black-ſmith
and the Tinker
Bring the Cunny skins againe.

Thou ſhalt finde me as good mettle
The Drinker he did ſay,
As any is in the Kettle
He beates upon each day:
quoth the Lock-ſmith
(then the Black-ſmith)
Alſo by me ſhall finde
I'le ſo fuddle
Vulcans noddle
Till he leave the Cunny skins behinde.

There was a Cobler and a Broome-man
As they did meet ons day,
There came a Carman and a Plowman
Stole the Cunny skins away,
quoth the Cobler
to the Broome-man
We'le ſo fortifie the braine
we'le make the Carman
and the Plowman
Bring the Cunny skins againe.

We will call them to a parley,
The Broome-man thus did ſay,
How they ſold their Oates and Barley.
And how they cut their Graſſe and Hay,
then the Carman
leg and arme man
with Barly broth we'le bind,
we'le not forſake them
till we make them
Leave the Cunny skins behinde.

It was a Joyner and a Rope maker
As they went on the way
There came a Brewer and a Baker
Stole the Cunny skins away
quoth the Joyner
to the Rope maker
Tis in a merry baine.
make the Brewer
and the Baker
Bring the Cunny skins againe.

Quoth the Joyner to the Brewer
Though that malt in price doe fall
Yet still he will be sure
For to make his drinke too small
the Rope maker
told the Baker
Your knavery we shall finde
which if we take you
we shall make you
Leave the Cunny skins behind.

It was a Glover and a Weaver
As they met on the way
There came a Fidler and a Pedler
Stole the Cunny skins away.
quoth the Glover
to the Weaver
I will take him o're the braine
wee'le make the Fidler
and the Pedler
Bring the Cunny skins againe.

The Weaver with his Treddle
So fast about him laid
Till the Fidler pull out's Fiddle
And then a Lesson plaid
whilst the Glover
with strong liquor
So well their caps had lin'd
which made the Fidler
and the Pedler
Leave the Cunny skins
London Printed for Fr.

It was a Broaker and a Taylor
As they met on a day
Came the Hangman and the Jaylor
Stole the Cunny skins away
quoth the Broker
to the Taylor
wee'le take them on the braine,
and make the Hangman
and the Jaylor
Bring the Cunny skins againe.

Quoth the Broaker, if the Hangman
I chance withall to meete
His fees I will so bang (man)
He shall hardly stand on's feete,
quoth the Taylor
with the Jaylor
No pleasure I can finde,
but if we take them
we shall make them
Leave the Cunny skins behind.

It was a Roister and a Rebell
As they did meete one day,
Came an Usurer and the Debill
Stole the Cunny skins away:
quoth the Roister
to the Rebell
wee'le take them on the braine
wee'le make the Usurer
and the Debill
Bring the Cunny skins againe.

The Roister with his Rapier
At the Debill he did runne,
And at him he did vapour,
But could not make him thunne,
whilst the Rebell
he did cabell
Crying out [illegible]
for the Usurer
and the Debill
Leaves the Cunny skins away.

FINIS.

isbury Assizes.
ard of Witchcraft.

Being a true Relation of one Mistris Bodnam living in Fisherton next house but one to the Gallowes, who being a Witch seduced a Maid, called by name Anne Stiles, to the lame abominable and detested action of Witchcraft; which Witch for that action was executed the 19 day of March 1653.

To the tune of Bragandary.

When men and Women leave the way
of God, and goodnesse quite,
They practice wickednesse every day
and therein take delight
The Divel then is ripe at hand
When these things he doth understand,
You that will goe,
High or low
Resolve upon this doubt.

As of the Story you shall heare
if you will list a while
The Divell lately did appeare;
and a Woman did beguile
But she did make the way before,
And in her heart did him abhorre
You that will goe, &c.

In Fisherton this dame did dwell
of conversation bad
She did converse with the Divell of Hell,
which made her friends all sad,
Unto the Divell she gave her soule
Sealed in a bloody scrowle,
You that will goe, &c.

Mistris Bodnam was her name,
who daily undertake
To have men to Satan goes apace,
when with her cursed snake
A looking glasse she doth them take,
Therein the Divel before their face
You that will goe, &c.

Amongst the rest a Maid there went,
her name was Annis Stiles
About Satan goes in discontent
but the Divell her beguiles
The Divell did the Witch perswade
For to seduce this silly maid
You that will goe, &c.

She gave the Maid a looking glasse
on which she looked on
But at the length it came to pass
she was to soone undone.
For want of wisdome and true grace,
She was undone in little space,
You that will goe, &c.

What heart quoth she if that you please,
I will teach you my art,
So you may live in wealth and ease
according to your heart
If you your Soule the Divell will give
In health and wealth you then may live,
You that will goe, &c.

Too soone alas she did consent
and sealed it with her blood,
Which made her afterwards repent,
when as she understood
That she must lose the hopes of heaven
For some Hopes unto her given
You that will goe,
High or low,
Resolve upon this doubt.

AT length it came for to be known,
how she had simply run
Then to the Witch she made her mone.
and said she was undone
She said to London she would flye,
For feare least both of them should dye,
You that will goe
High or low,
Resolve upon this doubt.

The Witch was willing there unto,
and bid her fly with speed
She was at Stockbridge taken though,
for that notorious deed,
The Divell cast her to and froe
As all the company did know
You that will goe, &c,

When in the chamber she came in,
the Divell tost her about
She askt the divell where hee bin
to give her such a floute,
Then all the standers by amaz'd,
Upon each other then they gaz'd,
You that will goe, &c,

A Gentleman great paines did take,
with her the people say,
And she to him her minde did breake
and for her he did pray.
She told him the old witch was cause
That she had broke Gods holy lawes
You that will goe, &c.

Foure dayes together she was vext
tormented grievously
And in her mind was sore perplext
that some thought she would

The Divell like a Snake apeard
Which all the country people feard
You that will goe, &c,

But when the old Witch came in sight,
then did she take her rest,
And she did sleepe well all that night
as plainly is expressed,
She said when as she walkt againe,
She praised God she felt no paine
You that will goe, &c.

She told the Gentleman that she
would tell him all her art
And that he should inriched be
by what she should impart
She told him that she knew full well,
She should be a great Lady in hel,
You that will goe, &c.

The old Witch executed was,
this moneth the 19. day,
She ever had a face of Brass
as all the people say,
Instead of penitencie and prayer
She did nought but curse and sweare,
You that will goe, &c,

God nothing had to doe with her
she said most desperately
She swore and curst and kept a stir
and desperately did dye
Let all good people therefore say
[illegible] hearts with me and pray,
[illegible] goe

100

Lon

and, this preſent

ated moſt o ch arkable Accidents a d chiefe,
een this Y re r Nation: Being co ected
hy Gentlen n ano holler, who is the prime
as it is not unknowne to many thouſands.

and Sinne doth ſtill abound,
can at all be found:
faire *England*, call for Grace,
ee in a minutes ſpace.

Varres againe: Or, *The Maying time.*

The ſec

106

IT is a noyſe of terror,
to heare the Guns like thunder,
and a like miſuſt,
to maintaine luſt,
and Pride by lawleſſe plunder,
This trade hath long been uſed,
to many a mans undoing,
from this when Peace,
doth us releaſe,
our gratitude then ſhooing.
Needs we muſt drink this good heal

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will ſpill,

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es plaies,
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Junes Predictions.

They from the Dane doe looke for ayd,
Thinking to make England affrayd;
Kings, Biſhops, & Deans Lands are ſold,
Yet ſtill we want Silver and Gold;
For ſome there are that coyne keeps back,
Which makes the Souldier for to lack,
For gold, let none with ill requite,
Some ſhew their teeth, 'tis fear'd they'le bite.

Julies Predictions.

Sea-fights in many parts will be,
From which no Nation ſcarce is free;
New treacheries they doe abound,
Which amongſt many will be found,
And Jockey will be troubleſome,
But we againe ſhall whip him home,
Warre, with Sedition, and blood-ſhed,
In many parts abroad is ſpread.

Auguſts Predictions.

The entrance of an Enemie,
Amongſt us now abroad doth flie,
Of Government ſome makes a toy;
And would our Nation quite deſtroy:
Some in command doe things not right,
Which will be quickly brought to light,
Let Scot or Devill their wits try,
Yet we ſhall have the Victory.

Septembers Predictions. 101

Now the Foundation it is laid
Of Englands freedome, as 'tis ſaid;
Ireland and Scotland cry alack,
For one or both will goe to wrake:
Our Merchants ſhips may have ſome loſſe
But they will their proceedings croſſe;
The Citie will be out of ſquare,
About an unthought of Lord Mayor.

Octobers Predictions.

For want of Money ſome doe cry,
And I believe they doth not lye;
About Religion, our Divines
In Unitie and Love now joynes,
The Iriſh Nobles and Gentry
Their Bread begs in a ſtrange Country,
A juſt reward doth light on them,
For murthering our deare Country-men.

Novembers Predictions.

Now there's mutation in the Law,
Or elſe ſome Judges have a flaw,
And there are ſome with anger ſwell,
But we doe hope all will be well:
And ſuch as ruined the Poore,
They ſhall be lop't and grow no more;
Great ſtormes will be at Sea and Land
what God doth pleaſe, who can withſtand.

Decembers Predictions.

Complaints 'gainſt Publick Officers,
The People now their Bills preferrs,
Which ſtore of Treaſure up did lay,
Againſt a wet and ſtormy day:
And ſuch as did deſcention breed,
Due Juſtice 'gainſt them ſhall proceed,
And thus I doe conclude the Year,
Send peace ſweet Chriſt our ſaviour dear.

FINIS.

London, Printed by John Hammond, dwelling in Holborne.

England's Complaint:

Or, the *Nation's Abuſe* thro'

Clipping and Coyning.

To the Tune of, *When I was young, I had no Wit.*

I.

CLippers and Coyners
your Works are not right,
The Curſe of the Nation
upon you will light;
Of Clipping of Plate,
and Coyning of Droſs,
By which Rich and Poor
hath come to much Loſs.

II.

The Curſe of the Merchants,
who Credit doth give,
Will light on your Jackets
as long as you live;
Who are forc'd to take Guineas
at Value too high,
Since Clipping and Coyning
good Money doth ſtry.

III.

The Curſe of our Gentry,
who Lands out do farm,
Muſt likewiſe attend you,
for they have ſome Harm;
Who quite careleſs are
their Rents to call in,
Since our Coin is compos'd
of Braſs, Iron, and Tin.

IV.

The Curſe of poor Tradeſmen
may make your Hearts ake,
Who ſtands in their Shops
good Money to take;
And when they have ſold,
and comes to be paid,
To receive one Half Crown
their Hearts are afraid.

V.

The Curſe of poor Soldiers
who fights for their Pay,
And muſt take your Traſh
without ſaying Nay;
Are many and grievous,
and on you will reſt,
Since they amongſt others
thereby are oppreſt.

VI.

The Curſe of our Saylors,
or at leaſt their poor Wives,
Will light upon Coyners,
who Miſchief contrives;
New Rings for their Fingers
can hardly be had,
Our Gold is ſo dear,
and our Money ſo bad.

VII.

The Curſe of all Ale-wives
moſt heavy will light,
Your Clipping and Coyning
doth them a great Spight;
Such at your vile Actions
in no wiſe can wink,
Who muſt change a bad Shilling,
or looſe their good Drink.

VIII.

And above all the reſt,
the Curſe of the Poor
Will Coyners perſue,
and lye at your Door:
Who when they have wrought
a long Summers day,
A Counterfeit Shilling
is dropt for their pay.

IX.

With which their poor Wives
to the Market doth hye,
And many things cheapen
before they can buy;
The dread of falſe Coyn
doth Sellers ſurprize,
That ſcarce one in Ten
can believe their own Eyes.

X.

Were you all to be hang'd,
as ſome Coyners have been,
Or burn'd at a Stake,
it would be no ſin;
For the worſt of High Robbers,
I tell you what's true,
Deſerves much more favour
than any of you.

BRISTOL: Printed by *Will. Bonny*, in *Tower-lane*.

84

An Excellent New SONG,

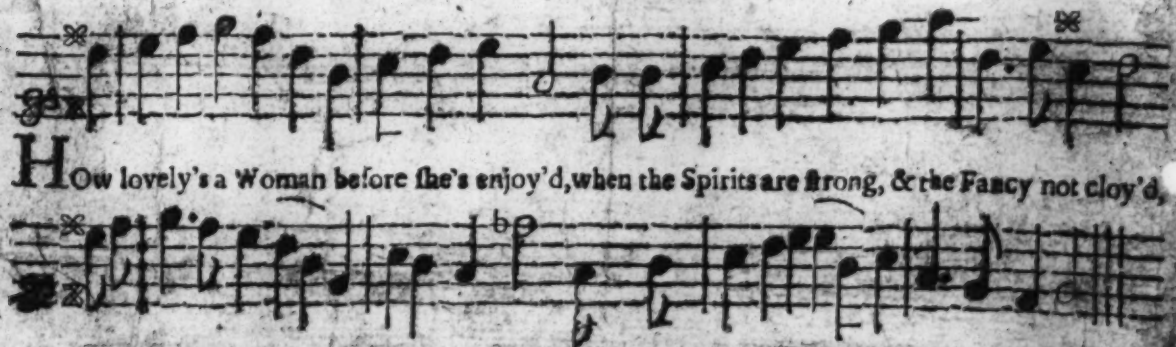
CALL'D,

The Praiſe of Women.

OR,

Wine, Women and Muſick.

Being a Playhouſe Song to a pleaſant New Tune.



How lovely's a Woman before ſhe's enjoy'd, when the Spirits are ſtrong, & the Fancy not cloy'd,

we admire ev'ry part, tho never ſo plain, which when throly poſſeſt we quickly diſdain.

2

Each Lady we court, and begg they'd be kind,
And when they conſent for to be of our Mind,
We kiſs and embrace and do what's to be done,
When their Bellies are full we leave them forlorn

3

All Women we ſee we do hope to enjoy,
We think our ſelves happy if they prove not coy,
Each Feature we praiſe and admire their parts,
Tho' to the next Face we do proffer our hearts.

4

So drinking we love too juſt at the ſame rate,
For when we are at it we fooliſhly prate;
What Acts we have done, and ſet up for Wit,
But next Morning's Pains our Pleaſures do quit.

5

We drink all the Morning both Coffe and Tea,
And think there is none live more ſober than we.
'Till to dinner we move, then a glaſs muſt go round,
Full Bumpers of Wine till our ſenſes are drown'd.

6

Then about Midnight we reeling home go,
And neither the Watchmen or Conſtable know
Thus Wine makes us valiant, for whenwe are drun
We draw at each Man for a naſty Town

7

But Muſicks a pleaſure, that tires not ſ
'Tis pleaſant in Morning, 'tis welcome
'Tis charming at Nights to ſing Catche
It diverts our dull hours, and rejoyces o

8

But *Muſick* alone, without Woman an
Will govern but dully tho' never ſo fin
Therefore by conſent we'll enjoy them
Wine and *Muſick* for you, and the *Women*

9

For full of all pleaſures there's none can
To the Joys of a *Woman* that's charmin
She diverts us all day with pleaſing dal
Then Raptures of Joy ſhe yields all the

London, Printed and Sold by *Tho. Moore*. 1695.

: pitty, to all people that ſhall heare of it in
ull fire that hapned on London-Bridge, the 11.
o the tune of, Aime not too high.

IT gri..es my heart to write ſuch heauy newes,
As in my ſtory afterward enſues;
I would to God it neuer had béne ſo,
But 'tis too true, the Lord aboue doth know.

O, here begins my heauy tale of woe,
The which will force ſalt teares from eyes to flow,
I thinke there cannot be a heart ſo hard,
But to my ſubiect will haue ſome regard.

O louely London, thou thatart the flower,
On which the Lord his bleſſing ſtill doth ſhower;
Alas I rue lament the heauy loſſe,
The which many a thouſand pound hath coſt.

O London-bridge, that place of beauty faire,
The world againe the like cannot compare:
What heauy fortune now there is befell,
Alacke, alas, it grieues me for to tell.

How ſhall I write to giue you all contents
Nay, I muſt write that which will cauſe lament,
Unto a heart that is as hard as ſtéele,
Yet ſure he néedes muſt ſome compaſſion féele.

On Munday night, the eleuenth of February,
A fire hapned, of which none was wary;
Hapned, ſaid I: alas, it is too true,
As it is knowne, howſoeuer firſt it grew.

Some ſay, 'twas through a Maidens negligence,
But that Ile leaue for other to diſpence,
I would not ſpeake more than what I doe know,
For feare that ſome offence the..

But certaine 'tis, there's many houſes burned,
The fire could not ſtaunch'd be, nor turned,
Vntill it had conſum'd them euery one,
Parted part the bridge from that place where't begun

Hard by Saint Magnus, firſt it did begin,
When as good folkes their beds were ſléeping in,
Then ſome at firſt ..etting all with feare,
When as they ſaw they were beſet with fire.

Some cryed o.. fire, fire, being afraid,
Yet very few could doe them any aide,
They could not come to doe them any good,
Becauſe the houſes ouer water ſtood.

Indéed the cryes were grieuous to be heard,
The women were ſo wonderfully skar'd,
The children ſhaking, to their friends did ſay,
God Father and Mother, pray let's goe away.

Alas, poore ſoules, they well might be afraid,
Being likely to be burn'd if they had ſtaid,
The fire it did ſtill encreaſe ſo faſt,
That they much goods into the Thames did caſt.

Y flamed aloft and fire did ſtill encreaſe,
Tho all the meanes they could, it would not ceaſe,
Vntil it had conſumde both ſides oth' way,
Were forty dwelling houſes, as ſome ſay.

You may imagine of the wondrous loſſe.
Beſides the money that the buildings coſt,
For ſurely thoſe that on the bridge doe dwell,
Were men which did in riches much excell.

The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.

AS I haue read the Chronicle of Stowe,
One thouſand one hundred thirty fiue yeeres agoe
The Bridge then being builded all of wood,
Was burned euery ſticke and ſtake as't ſtood.

And many people then was burned to,
Becauſe out of the fire they could not goe,
O Lord I wiſh the like may nere be knowne,
As this proſpect, for which all ſigh and groane.

At that ſame time was by reaſon abundance more,
The fire then the City ran halfe ore,
From London-ſtone to Aldgate, and to Pauls,
It did conſume goods, timber, worke, and walls.

Let me intreat both old and young to pray,
For to defend's from ſuch ſudden decay, 105
I thinke the veriеſt tyrannizing heart,
This ſame t'haue ſeen, would make him feel ſome ſmart.

Alas, my maſters, lay t'were your'owne caſe,
Or thinke your ſelues had bin in that ſame place,
It would haue put you in a dangerous feare,
Beſides ſtill after, ſorrow, griefs and care.

O Lord, me thinkes, I heare the cryes and groanes,
That many of them made with heauy moanes,
O helpe, O helpe, they all aloud did cry,
Whilſt fire burned and flames aloft did flye.

The Husband bade the Wife ſhe ſhould not feare,
Although his eyes did ſhead full many a teare,
Yet would he giue her comfort in her woe,
But how to helpe themſelues they did not know.

All ye
To thinke
Ye thinke
To thinke

Alas, they
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To

A proper Ballad, intituled, The wandring Prince of Troy.

To the tune of, *Queene Dido*.

WHen Troy Towne by tempests warres,
was from the Greeke in manfull wise,
Put vp their last warrafe to fall,
that to reuil their vnfaithfulnes:
What ioy their walls that were so gon,
And Troy towne quite ouerthrowne.

Æneas the wandring Prince of Troy,
whose fame and Loue long time hath bought,
As length artifice with great ioy,
to mighty Carthage walls hath brought,
Where Dido Queene with entertaine feast,
Did welcome home the wandring Guest.

Now as in Hall at meat they late,
the Queene desiring newes to heare,
Of the vnhappy ten yeares warre,
that Troy as cruel Troian beare,
Of their departure and mishaps,
Æneas gaue beginning thus perhaps.

Now when sweet Nymph enough, quoth he,
with words sweete as he could tell,
Of his vnhappy ten yeares warres,
in Troy a fatal begall to fall,
Of force perforce to flight and fight to runne,
the Troians all to vanish.

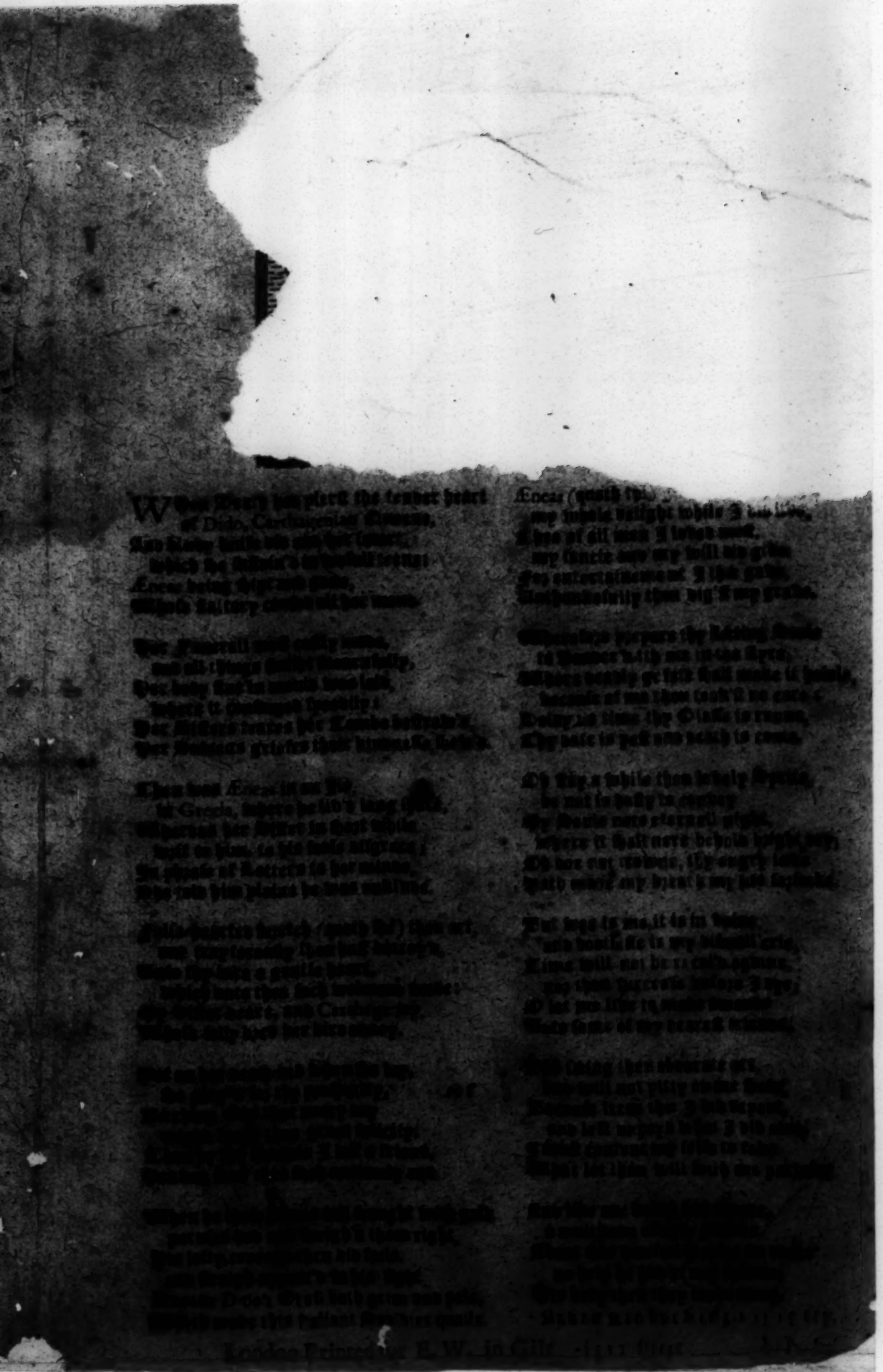
Now when a thousand sights he fetcht,
and teares had brought to watred eyes,
Of his last fight that Troians gaue,
as he his safest take has tolde,
and bragg and lay to his hell;
where they till Doomes day shall dwell,
Quite vnlike Dido's bedding sport,

His slip knowne to her Lord,
but in her chamber all alone,
As his vnhappy absence long,
and to the walls he neuer can returne,
Cast she Troyes fall before in minde,
The things which he could not obtaine.

And thus in griefe he spent the night,
till trembling starres from sheet were fled,
And Phœbus with his glistering beames,
through misty clouds appeares red;
Then springs came to her eyes,
That all the Troian ships were gone.

And then the Queene with sighes hearts,
was almost her heart so from the same,
Yet vnwilling loth to lose her life,
in twofold sorte the more her sorrow,
And rebuking on her cowardly hell,
With sighs & teares these words she spake.

O treacherous Dido (quoth she)
I see thy end approaching neere,
For hee is gone,
[illegible]
To be their guest,
O [illegible]



A proper Ballad, intituled, The wandring Prince of Troy.

To the tune of, *Queene Dido.*

When Troy Town for ten yeats warres,
withstod the Greeks in manfull wise,
Yet did their foes increase so fast,
that to resist none could suffice:
Wast lye those walls that were so good,
And Corn now grows where Troy Town stood.

Æneas wandring Prince of Troy,
when he for Land long time had sought,
At length arrived with great joy,
to mighty Carthage walls was brought;
Where Dido Queen with sumptuous feast,
Did entertaine this wandring Guest.

And as in Hall at meat they sate,
the Queen desiring newes to heare
Of thy unhappy ten yeares warre,
declare to me thou Trojan deare,
The heavy hap and chance so bad,
That thou poore wandring Prince hast had.

And then anon this comely Knight,
with words demure as he could well,
Of his unhappy ten yeares warres,
so true a tale began to tell,
With words so sweet and sighs so deep,
As all he made them all to weep.

And then a thousand sighs he fetcht,
and every sigh brought teares amaine,
That where he sate the place was wet,
as if he had seen those warres againe;
So that the Queen with ruth therefore,
Said, worthy Prince enough no more.

The darksome night apace grew on,
[illegible] twinkling starres in skies were spread,
As he his dolefull tale had told,
and every one lay in his bed;
Where they full sweetly took their rest,
Save onely Dido's boyling breast.

This silly woman never slept,
but in her chamber all alone,
As one unhappy allwayes wept,
and to the walls she made her moane,
That she should still desire in vaine,
The thing which she could not obtaine.

And thus in griefe she spent the night,
till twinkling starres from skies were fled,
And Phœbus with his glistering beames,
through misty clouds appeared red;
Then tydings came to her anon,
That all the Trojan ships were gone.

And then the Queene with bloody knife,
did arme her heart as hard as stone,
Yet some what loth to lose her life,
in wofull wise she made her moane;
And rowling on her carefull bed,
With sighs & sobs these words she said.

O wretched Dido Queen (quoth she)
I see thy end approaching neere,
For hee is gone away from thee,
whom thou didst love and hold so deare:
Is he then gone, and past by,
O heart prepare thy selfe to dye.

Though reason would thou shouldst forbeare,
to stay thy hand from bloody stroake,
Yet fancy sayes thou shouldst not feare,
who fetterest thee in Cupids yoake:
Come Death (quoth she) resolve my smart,
And with [illegible] words she pierst her heart.

When Death had pierst the tender heart
of Dido, Carthagenian Queene,
And bloody knife did end her smart,
which she sustain'd in wofull teene:
Æneas being shipt and gone,
Whose flattery caused all her mone.

Her Funerall most costly made,
and all things finisht mournfully,
Her body fine in mould was laid,
where it consumed speedily:
Her Sisters teares her Tombe bestrew'd,
Her Subjects griefes their kindnesse shew'd.

Then was Æneas in an Ile,
in Grecia, where he liv'd long space,
Whereas her Sister in short while
writ to him, to his foule disgrace;
In phrase of Letters to her minde,
She told him plaine he was unkinde.

False-hearted wretch (quoth she) thou art,
and trayterously thou hast betrayd,
Unto thy lure a gentle heart,
which unto thee such welcome made:
My Sister deare, and Carthage joy,
Whose folly bred her dire annoy.

Put on her death-bed when she lay,
she pray'd for thy prosperity,
Beeching God that every day
might breed thee great felicity:
Thus by thy meanes I lost a friend,
Heaven send thee such untimely end.

When he these Lines full fraught with gall;
perused had and weigh'd them right,
His lofty courage then did fails,
and straigh appear'd in his sight
Fierce Dido's Ghost both grim and pale,
Which made this valiant Souldier quaile.

Æneas (quoth she)
my whole delight while I did live,
Thee of all men I loved most,
my fancie and my will did give;
For entertainement I thee gave,
Unthankefully thou dig'st my grave.

Wherefore prepare thy flatting Soule
to wander with me in the Ayre,
Where deadly grefe shall make it howle,
because of me thou took'st no care;
Delay no time thy Glasse is runne,
Thy date is past and death is come.

Oh stay a while then lovely Sprite,
be not so hasty to convey
My Soule into eternall night,
where it shall nere behold bright day;
Oh doe not frowne, thy angry looke
hath made my breath my life forsooke.

But woe is me, it is in vaine,
and bootlesse is my dismall crie,
Time will not be recal'd againe,
nor thou surceasse before I dye;
O let me live to make amends
Unto some of my dearest friends.

But seeing thou obdurate art,
and will not pitty on me shew,
Because from thee I did depart,
and left unpayd what I did owe;
I must content my selfe to take
What lot thou will with me partake.

And like one being in a trance,
a multitude of ugly Fiends
About his wearied person rance
no help he had of any friends;
His body then they tooke away,
Such is mans due that goes astray.

London Printed for E. W. in Gilt

Come buy a Mouſe-Trap, Or, a new way to catch an old Rat: Being a

an honeſt woman to leudneſſe, was by her and her husband catch in a Mouſe Trap, by what in

THis Nation long time hath bin plagued with old Rats,
And bin at great charges to kæpe them good Cats,
one great black Rat now as it doth appeare,
put a Faire Woman in bodily feare,
But he being in haſt,
Was taken at laſt,
Woman was glad when the danger was paſt,
But certaine you ſhall have no need of a Cat,
Come buy a new Mouſe-Trap to catch an old Rat.

Good morrow faire Miſtriſſe, good morrow (quoth ſhe)
I would we were better acquainted (quoth he)
You may if you pleaſe Sir, the Woman reply'd,
For why, my poore Spirit is free from all pride;
He gave her a Shilling,
The woman ſeem'd willing.
Then ſtraight the old Rat, and the Mouſe fell a billing,
But certaine you ſhall have no need of a Cat, &c.

Then unto the Tavearne they went with all ſpeed,
And there they were wonderous merry indeed;
The old Rat was hungery, and aim'd at her fall,
The Woman was honeſt and crafty withall,
He call'd her his Honny,
And proffer'd her Money,
What ſhould an old Hungrell doe with a young Tenny?
But certaine we ſhall have no need of a Cat, &c.

He praiſed her Feet and he praiſed her Hand,
And faine he would have her now at his command,
He told him her Husband was gone out of Town,
And he ſhould lye with her all Night for a Crown.
A Crowne he did give her,
Which well ſhe believe her,
And ſo the old Doatard was forc'd to believe her,
but certaine you ſhall have no need of a Cat, &c.

Ile lay the Key under the Doore Sir (quoth ſhe)
And then about mid-night pray come to me,
Alas Miſtriſſe ſweet Lips you doe me great wrong,
For I am not able to tarry ſo long:
My Neighbours (quoth ſhe)
Takes notice of me,
When they are a ſleep, then the buſineſſe muſt be,
but certaine you ſhall have no need of a Cat, &c.

Then by much perſwaſion at length they did part,
And ſhe took her leave of her old new Sweet-heart,
She went to her husband & ſtraight did declare it,
Who laugh'd moſt heartily when he did heare it,
He highly commends her,
And thus much befriends her,
That he with all ſtance behold now attends her,
But certaine we ſhall have no need of a Cat, &c.

Husband (quoth ſhe) if by me you'l be ruled,
By me this old Doatard again ſhall be fooled.
When he at night comes for to make me his whore,
He'l grope with his hand for the Key of the doore,
A Mouſe-Trap there ſet,
O doe not forget,
And there you may catch him, & teach him more wit,
But certaine we ſhall have no need of a Cat,
Come buy a new Mouſe-Trap to catch an old Rat.

ng a true relation of one Peters a Post of Roterdam, who temping
what meanes the following Story shall relate. To the tune of, *Packingtons Pound.*

He did then according as the him advised,
A better Project was never devised,
Peters the Post then came posting with speed,
And there he was catcht by the Fingers indeed,
His Fingers were toare,
Which made him to roare,
The old Rat was never so plagued before,
But certaine we shall have no need of a Cat,
Come buy a new Mouse-Trap to catch an old Rat.

He call'd to the Woman to shew him some pitty,
And there he sung forth a most pittifull Ditty,
The Man he made answer, & call'd him sweet-honey,
Quoth he art thou come for to bring me more mony,
Some money Ile give thee,
If thou wilt relieve mee,
And for my offences now freely forgive mee,
But certaine you shall have no need of a Cat,&c.

Five pounds he did give him, and fell on his knees,
He askt him forgivenes, which when the man sees,
He drawes out his sword then & makes him believe,
he'd cut off his head now, which made him to grieve,
But I did heare say,
This Rat run away,
And did through feare his Breeches bewray,
But certaine we shall have no need of a Cat,&c.

Peters the Post-man next day did lament,
And all the sweet Sisters were much discontent,
He might have had any of them at command,
Without any trouble, the case so did stand:
These sweet Babes of Grace,
Told him to his face,
For hunting strange flesh, they would him displace,
but certaine we shall have no need of a Cat,&c.

All you married men now, rejoyce you and say
Our wives are all honest, and teach us a way,
If they so continue, to keep our heads cleare
From horns, which a many do causelesly feare,
And you that make Traps,
'Twill be your good haps
To flourish, if women doe scape private claps,
but certaine you shall have no need of a Cat,,&c.

Now all you good women that lead honest lives,
And wou'd be accounted to be honest wives,
If you in the Street doe meet such a Knave,
Tell him at home Sir a Mouse-Trap you have,
'Twill make them a shamed,
When they heare it named,
And you for your modesty ever be famed,
But certaine we shall have no need of a Cat,
Come buy a new Mouse-Trap to catch an old Rat.

Humphery Crouch.

LONDON, Printed by John Hammond.

The Fame, wit, and glory of the VVeſt,
Here in this Song ſhall fully be expreſt.

A Caveat for young men wherein they may behold,
how a youngſter gave away his Miſtris and his Gold;
And Maids likewiſe may here a leſſon learn,
wherein good from bad they may diſcern;
Learn but this damſels, wit, and then youl finde,
a way to fit all ſuters in their kind.

To a pleaſant new Tune, *Called the glory of the Weſt.*

A Faire and comly creature,
as ere was fram'd by nature,
Liv'd in the weſt and the glory of the ſame;
Her maiden life and carriage,
Untill her day of marriage;
I ſay it needs muſt wright unto her laſting fame,
Moſt galants did admire,
her beauty with deſire,
To injoy her company.
and her vertues for to try;
But alas poore fooles their labour was in vain,
the glory of the weſt, they never yet could ſtain;
Your courting, and your complements ſhe'd ſay,
is not the way to win me, I longer mean to ſtay.

Perhaps you may admire,
and have a great deſire,
To know why ſhe was call'd the glory of the weſt;
then give but time and leaſure,
And to fulfill your pleaſure;
her vertues here ſhall fully be expreſt,
She was proper tall and comly,
no parts about her homely,
She had no rolling eye,
nay never uſed incivility,
But an amorous ſweet and lovly pierſing ſight,
her cheeks and her lips was pure red and white,
Her other parts can better be expreſt,
by him that now injoyes the glory of the weſt.

So rare ſhe was and witty,
they call'd her famous Betty;
Not far from Briſtow this gallant ſpark did live;
her Father was a Cavalier,
And loſt his life in ſervice there,
her mother was grown poor, & no portion could her give.
Which made thoſe gallants think that ſhe
would ſoon yeeld up her honeſty,
Quoth they wee'll venture,
her royall fort to enter,
But all their time they ſpent, alas it was in vain,
the glory of the weſt, they never yet could ſtain,
Quoth ſhe you are deceiv'd tis not my poverty,
ſhall ever make me yeeld to your incivility.

My vergins life ile keep quoth ſhe,
untill ſuch time that man I ſee,
Which I can affect and chuſe him for my mate;
when that gallant once I find,
That to vertues is inclin'd
and I can but fancy him, I care not for eſtate;
If a royall heart he bear,
and can love a Cavalier;
That ſame promiſe he muſt make,
for my noble fathers ſake,
Which loſt his life and fortunes in the field,
and to no other ſhe my maidenhead I'le yeeld,
If that he be a Cavalier, tho he be never ſo poor,
I'le love him, I'le ſerve him, and honour him the more.

GIve eare and liſten to my Song,
and I ſhall tell you ere be long,
How ſhe hath obtain'd a husband to her mind;
a uſurer that liv'd hard by,
Left his Son when he did dye,
Great ſums of money, with goods and land behind;
That youngſter hearing of this girle,
vow'd if either gold or pearle,
Would this damſels favour win,
then he weigh'd not a pinne.
Pung money quoth he, my Gold I will let flye,
my father he is dead, I have enough lye by,
A conceit I have now comes into my breaſt,
which I hope ſhall obtain the glory of the weſt.

A kinſman pray I have quoth he.
ſhall make up this ſame match for me,
And a hundred pounds on him I will beſtow,
he is a comly youth and young,
And knows well how to uſe his tongue
and he will obtain her for me I do know;
So forth he ſet this youngſter brave,
with money and what elſe hee'd have,
For to try his utmoſt skill,
to obtain this maids good will;
Spare not quoth he tis no matter what you ſpend,
doe the beſt you can, and be faithfull to your friend;
That I will ſayes he, but mark now the Jeſt,
he couſened his kinſman of the glory of the weſt.

When firſt he came unto this Maid,
with courteous words he to her ſaid,
Faire damſell I muſt court you in my kinſmans name;
his father being of his life bereft,
Great means behind him he hath left,
and now this youngſter injoyeth all the ſame;
Which on you he will beſtow,
if you please it ſhall be ſo;
Sir you have ſpoke enough quoth ſhe,
he's but a fole I plainly ſee,
Do you preſent his perſon, and let him keep his Gold,
now you have your anſwer, that Riddle pray unfold;
Your Riddle faire Miſtris I quickly underſtand.
my perſon and my ſervice ſhall be at your command.

This gallant damſell faire and bright,
in whom ſo many took delight,
With this prodigals kinſman was taken ſo in love,
which when he did perceive and ſee,
He ſlipt no opportunity,
but couzened his cozen as afterwards did prove;
Sweet heart quoth he I am poor indeed,
which makes me fearfull to proceed;
But what I want in wealth faire maid,
ſhall be in love and ſervice paid;
Speak no more quoth ſhe, few words I like the beſt,
if you can love a Cavalier, no more ſhall be expreſt,
Sweet ſoule ſaith he tis known both farre and near,
I have loſt all I had, for being a Cavalier.

These lovers being united,
his kinſman was invited;
Over to her houſe, and he thought to get the taſte,
but ſure a fole he needs muſt be,
When once he did the Miſtreſſe ſee;
to marry with her maid as after comes to paſſe,
Mouth ſhe unto this prodigall,
now you have obtained all;
By your kinſmans meanes quoth ſhe,
pray ſweet heart tell to me,
What you will beſtow upon him for his pain,
my maid he would marry if a portion he could gain;
He hearing of her words, drew forth a purſe of Gold.
and ſaid ſweet heart content him as long as it will hold.

Five hundred pound is in't ſayes he,
the reſt I freely give to thee;
A King likewiſe he bought her, and a fann
one thing of you quoth ſhe I crave,
Our loves ſo ſecret I would have;
I would not have it blaz'd abroad about
So for that time he went away.
untill the appointed marriage day.
Where in private they did meet,
at a Church in Brittow ſtreet;
And there his kinſman ſerved him like a clo
the Mrs. wore the maids clothes, the ma
The Miſtreſſe had her Maiden bravely dre
this fool he did take her for the glory of th

They vales before their faces had,
ſo eager was this ſimple lad;
In all the haſte he marri'd needs muſt be
which being done his kinſman led,
His Miſtreſſe and unto him ſed,
this maid you muſt give me which he di
His Gold he freely gave away,
and his Miſtreſſe too I ſay,
But yet he had enough beſide,
his Ring, his gown, likewiſe a bride;
It was too much for ſuch a fole as he,
for to maintain a kinſman his luter for to be
The clown got the bride that was ſo bravely
but his kinſman bore away the glory of the

So from the Church away they went,
this clown at firſt was well content;
Thinking he had married with the glory of the
ſo homewards then he went apace,
He never look't upon her face,
but took her for her Miſtreſſe, ſhe was bravely
His kinſman and his pritty mate,
went ſmiling after in conſeit,
Thinking what the fole would ſay,
when their vales were tooke away,
Tis no matter what he ſaid, they had his money,
the maid and the gown, it ſeems fell to his lot;
I ne'er before did hear of ſuch a pretty Jeſt,
as here was brought about by the Glory of the w

Brave gallants went to meet her,
and kindly they did greet her;
But thinking to ſalute the glory of the weſt,
they were ſtruck with admiration,
To ſee ſuch alteration;
but plucking off their vales, they ſoon perceiv'd
This youngſter when he did behold,
he had loſt his Miſtreſſe and his Gold;
Faith I might a looke quoth he,
before that I had leapt ſo free;
But now the proverb you may plainly ſee,
marriage and hanging goes by deſtiny;
Thus unto you I freely have expreſt,
the wit and behaviour of the glory of the weſt.

This Song a warning well may be,
to young men when they do it ſee
If once they goe a wooing not to truſt another,
and maids if they this Song will learn,
God from bad they may diſcern,
and this girls behaviour they may chuſe above all
This couple lives moſt brave they ſay,
in Brittow at this preſent day;
Ever ſince they did agree,
both in peace and unity,
She never yet was ule give him cauſe of ſtrife.
I doe wiſh that every man could ſay ſo by his wife:
Young men and maids, this Song
ſo the glory of the weſt now bids y

London printed for *R. Burton*, at the Horſe-ſhooe in Smithfield. 164

I Am a Woman poore and blinde
and little knowledge remaines in me,
Long heere I sought and faine would I finde,
what hearbs in my garden were best to be.

A garden I haue which is vnknowne,
that God of his goodnes gaue vnto me: (sowne
I meane my owne body wherein I would haue
the seede of Christs true veritie.

My spirit within me is verie sore,
my flesh striueth against the same:
My sorrows do increase daily more and more,
my conscience suffereth most bitter paine:

I would my selfe being thus of strife,
would faine haue bin at peace and rest:
Musing and studying in my mortall life,
to haue read, I might doo to please God best.

With whole intent and one accord,
to the Gardner that I did know:
I went and desired him for the loue of the Lord,
true seedes in my garden for to sow.

Then this proud Gardner seeing me so blinde,
he thought by me to worke his will:
And flattered me with words so kinde,
to haue me continue in blindnesse still.

He fed me then with lyes and mockes,
for deuteall sinnes he bad me goe,
To giue my money to stones and stockes,
which was starke lyes and nothing so.

With stinking meate then was I fed,
for to keepe me from my saluation
I had tren-tales of Masse, and Bulls of lead,
not one word spoken of Christs passion.

In me was sowne all kinde of fained seedes,
with Popish ceremonies many a one,
Dirges of Requiem with other Jugling deedes,
till Gods spirit out of my garden was gone.

Then was I commanded full straightly,
for my saluation I should be sure:
To build some Chappell, or some Chauntry,
to be prayed for whilst the world endure.

These were the fruits of fained learning, saith he, it is lies,
Idolatrie a thing I most abhorre:
Beleeue not (saith he) in any manner of wise,
but doe as your fathers haue done before.

¶ My trust I did put then in Popishe workes,
thinking them sufficient my soule to saue.
Being worse then either Iewes or Turkes,
thus Christ of his merrits I did deprane.

¶ I might likened my selfe with a wofull heart,
vnto the Vsurer in Luke the storie:
From whome Christ caused the Deuill to de-
but shortly after he tooke the other sworde. (part

¶ My time thus vaine and Lord so wickedly spent,
Alas shall I die the sooner I feare:
No Lord, I finde written in thy Testament,
that thou hast mercy enough in deede.

¶ For such sinners as the Scriptures tell,
that will gladly repent and amend their waies:
Which I trust now verily while I haue breath,
for Fyrion, fire, Faggot, nor fierce sworde.

¶ Strength me good Lord in thy truth to stand,
for the bloody Butchers haue me at their will
With their slaughter knives ready drawen in their hand
my simple carkas to deuour and kill.

¶ O Lord forgiue me mine offence,
for I haue offended thee very sore:
Take therefore my sinfull body from hence,
and then shal I vild wretch offend thee no more

¶ I would wish all christians e faithfull friends
to keepe them from this Gardeners hands,
For he will bring them soone vnto their ends,
with cruell torments of fierce fyrebrands.

¶ I dare not presume for him to pray,
because the truth of him was well knowne:
And since that time he hath gone astray,
and much pestilent seed abroad he hath sowne

¶ Because that now I haue no space,
the cause of my death truely to shewe:
I trust hereafter by Gods holy grace,
that all faithfull men shall it plainely know.

To thee O Lord I bequeath my spirit,
which art the workemaster of the same:
It is thine, Lord therefore take it of right,
since my carkas on earth I leaue from whence it

¶ Although to ashes it be now burned,
I know thou canst raise it againe,
In the same likenesse that thou it formed,
to praise and laud thee continue in remaine.

Imprinted at London for

The shamefull downefall of the Popes Kingdome

Containing the life and death of *Steeuen Garnet*, the Popes chiefe Priest in England: being executed in Paules Church-yard in London the 3. of May last. 1606.

To the tune of, Triumph and Ioy.

Garnet, the Popes chiefe wandring Priest, his habite and attire.

LEt all true English heartes now sing
Vnto the Lord our heauenly King,
Which Treasons vnto light doth bring,
To th'Authors endlesse shame.

No Treason was more vile and bad,
Which Papists crew conspired had,
To make all England mourne and sad,
To Papists endlesse shame.

For former age was euer bent,
Such Treasons strange for to inuent,
And turne them to so ill intent:
To Papists endlesse shame.

The Treasons all, God hath bewraide,
Which Pope & Priests and Papists laide:
For God aboue is still our ayde,
To Papists endlesse shame.

These thirtie yeares no Traytors spight
Was wrought against the Gospels light,
Nor yet against our Soueraignes right,
To Papists endlesse shame.

But Steeuen Garnet (voyde of grace)
Knew when, and how, and where the place
That Treasons plotting were apace,
To Papists endlesse shame.

He trauaile did both farre and neare,
Like to a Woolfe and rauenous Beare,
To keepe poore silly soules in feare,
To Papists endlesse shame.

He hath seduced many a soule,
And in his Booke did them inroule,
To make them pay the Diuell toule,
To Papists endlesse shame.

For he to bring them in did seeke,
Hath sent part home for their [illegible]
And trayterous seducing liues,
To Papists endlesse shame.

The Women Nunes he hath suborn'd,
Thinking thereby that he hath gain'd
Their soules in Hell for to be chain'd.
To Papists endlesse shame.

His Patrons and his Buls are crost,
His Popish dignitie is lost:
His Reliques eke, to his great cost,
And Papists endlesse shame.

His holy Bones, and holy Stockes,
His holy Shirtes, and holy Smockes:
Are come vnto the Hang-mans boxe,
To Papists endlesse shame.

His (Holinesse) wide s now pulls downe,
Which Traytors lou'd in Citie & towne
Derricke (the Hang-man) hath his gowne
to Papists endlesse sha[me].

Now naught auailes his holy Walle,
For time hath brought it so to palle,
That he is proou'd worse then an Alle,
To Papists endlesse shame.

His Abbots, Priors, Monks, & Friers,
And other his religious squiers,
Haue prou'd themselues all to be liers,
To Papists endlesse shame.

Their great Commaunder he is gone,
Which Holinesse seemde to put on:
But proues himselfe a rauenous on
To Papists endlesse shame.

And by the Shiriffes of London
Hee thence was brought with
Euen as a Woolfe is from his
To Papists endlesse shame.

In Paules Church-yard on Sc
Was built a Gibbet painefully
On which this traitorous
To Papists endlesse sha

Vnto which place they did him
There for to learne him for to
And take his farewell in a
To Papists endlesse sha

For traytor-like was hange
For hange they did
That was
To Papists endlesse shame.

The [illegible] was quartered presently,
Derricke and his men then by,
Do set vp in places hie,
To Papists endlesse shame.

Doe well was called Garnet
Being counterfayte to R
For his reproch will still
to Papists endlesse sha

Let Poope and Papistes
That such a Counterfayte
Which hath their King-pome
to Papistes endlesse sham

And let them with Cand
Curse all the Diuels their
Which makes it against
to Papists endles shame

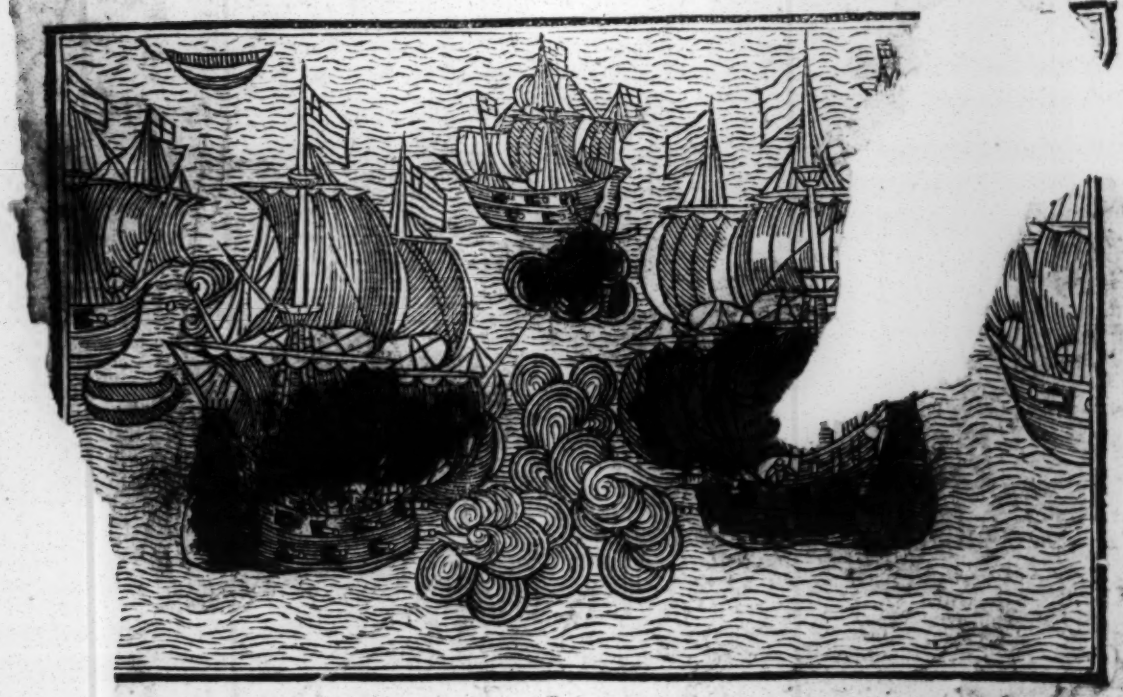
Let Christian
Which hath
And hath
to

Pa

The true Loves knot untyed,

Being the right path, whereby to adviſe princely Virgins how to behave themſelves by the example of the Renowned Princeſſe, the Lady ARABELLA, and the ſecond Son to the Lord Seymor, late Earl of Hartford.

To the Tune of Frogs Galliard.



AS I from Ireland did paſſe,
I ſaw a Ship at anchor lay:
Another Ship likewiſe there was,
Which from fair England took her way.

This Ship that ſail'd from fair England,
Unknown unto our gracious King,
The Lord Chief-Juſtice did command,
That they ſhould us to London bring.

I drew more neer, and ſaw more plain,
by Arabella in diſtreſſe:
wrung her hands, and wept amain,
ewailing of her heavineſſe.

When neer fair London-tower ſhe came,
Whereas her landing place ſhould be,
The King and Queen, with all their train
Did meet this Lady gallantly.

Arabella then our King
Lady ſtraight did ſay,
'rſt tie'd you to this thing,
(England took your way?

None but my ſelf, my gracious Liege,
This ten long yeers I've been in love
With the Lord Seymors ſecond Son,
The Earl of Hartford ſo we prove.

Though he be not the mightieſt man
Of Gods and Livings in this land,
Yet I have Lands us to maintain,
So much your Grace doth underſtand.

My Lands and Livings are well known
Unto your Books of Majeſty,
Amounts to twelve ſcore pounds a Week,
Beſides what I do give, quoth ſhe.

In gallant Derbyſhire likewiſe
I nine ſcore Beadſmen maintain there,
With hats and gowns, and houſe-rent free
And every man five Marks a yeer.

I never raiſed Rent, ſhe ſaid,
Nor yet oppreſt the tenants poor
I never took no Bribes nor Fines,
For why, I had enough before.

WHich of your Nobles will do ſo,
For to maintain the Commonalty?
Such multitudes would never grow,
Nor be ſuch ſtore of poverty.

I would I had a Milk-maid been,
Or born of ſome lower degree,
Then I might have lov'd where I like,
And no man could have hindred me.

Or would I were ſome Yeomans childe,
For to receive my portion now
According unto my degree,
As other Virgins whom I know.

The higheſt Branch that ſprings aloft,
Needs muſt oreſhade the middle tree,
Needs muſt the ſhadow of them both
Shadow the third in his degree.

But when that tree is cut and gone,
And from the ground is born away,
The loweſt tree that there doth ſtand,
In time may grow as high as they.

Once where I thought to have bin Queen,
But yet that ſtile I did deny,
I know your Grace had right to'th Crown
Before Elizabeth did dye.

You of the elder ſiſter came,
I of the ſecond in degree,
The Earl of Hartford of the third,
A man of Royall blood, quoth ſhe.

And ſo good night my Soveraign Liege,
Since in the tower I muſt lye,
I hope your Grace will condiſcend
That I may have my liberty.

Lady Arabella, ſaid our King,
I to your freedom would conſent,
If you will turn and go to'th Church,
There to receive the Sacrament.

And ſo good night Arabella fair,
Our King to her reply'd again,
I will take Counſell of my Nobility,
That you your freedom may obtain.

Once more to priſon muſt I go,
Lady Arabella then did ſay,
To leave my Love breeds all my woe,
The which wil be my lifes decay.

Love is the knot none can unknit,
Fancie a liking of the heart:
He whom I love I cannot forget,
Though from his preſence I muſt part.

The meaneſt people injoyes their Mates,
But I was born unhappily,
For being croſs'd by cruell Fate,
I want both Love and liberty.

But Death, I hope, will end the ſtrife,
Farewel, farewel, dear Lone, quot ſhe,
Once had I thought to have been thy wife,
But now am forc'd to part from thee.

At this ſad parting ſhe had cauſe
In heart and minde to grieve full ſore:
After that time Arabella fair
Did never ſee Lord Seymor more.

LONDON,

Printed for *Francis Grove*. 1643.

Saue a Theefe from the Gallowes and hee'l hang thee if he can:

Or, The mercifull Father, and the mercileſſe Sonne.

To the tune of, *Fortune my Foe.*

YOu diſobedient children marke my fall,
And at my timeleſſe end take warning all.
Againſt my owne deare Father haue I done
A deed the like did neuer graceleſſe Sonne.

In blooming yeares I was intic'd to ſinne,
Ere I perceiu'd what danger lay therein:
And ſo from day to day, vnto this houre,
To leaue the ſame I had not any power.

My Mother dead, my Father cockered me,
As men will doe when motherleſſe we be,
And nothing then he thought for me too deare,
Which brought me thus into a graceleſſe feare.

And when as I to elder yéeres did grow,
My wicked courſes got I timeleſſe woe:
Each vaine delight belonging to young men,
Deceiued me, and brought my ruine then.

The deadly ſinnes that are in number ſeuen,
Without more grace hath left my ſoules in heauen:
From firſt to laſt of thoſe moſt curſed crimes,
Haue made me now a wonder of theſe times.

For wanting meanes to nourish up delight,
I went the wrong, and left the waies of right:
[illegible]ch to maintain, my father being growne poore,
getting God, I daily rob'd for more.

[illegible] times he ſau'd me from the Gallow tree,
[illegible]nes he call himſelfe in debt for mee,
he ſet me vp in good eſtate,
[illegible]e me from vntimely fate.

[illegible]roverb is fulfilled here,
[illegible] from [illegible] ſinnes it were:

So wanting meanes ſtill to relieue my néede,
Put me in mind to doe a hatefull déede,
And ſéeke by blood the highway vnto ſinne,
Who wanting grace I ſoone grew perfect in.

My Fathers brother of good liuings knowne,
Being dead, as next of kin they were mine owne:
The which I wrought with theſe accurſed hands,
To be the heire of all mine Vncles lands.

With mind prepar'd for murder, thus I went
Into the field which he did much frequent:
Where méeting him with mine own fathers knife,
Which I had ſtolne, I tooke full ſoone his life.

And laid it then all bloody by his ſide,
That all might ſée my Vncle therewith dide,
And challeng'd it my Fathers knife to be,
When people came the murthered corps to ſée.

O homicide, O curſed viperous brood,
Like Caine, to ſéeke my deareſt Fathers blood:
My owne deare Father being thus betraide,
His owne childe the euidence was made.

So iudg'd to death for that he neuer did,
The Lord in mercy did the ſame forbid:
For as he was to execution led,
A world of torments in my boſome bred.

To ſée him ſtand vpon the Gallow trée,
From which before (good man) he ſaued me,
I could not chuſe but tell what I had done,
And ſo confeſſe my ſelfe a wicked ſonne.

Gods iudgement now is right (quoth he) deare, ſaid I,
Deare Father I [illegible]

The confession and repentance of *George Sanders* Gentleman late of Shugh in the County of Hereford, who unnaturally killed his Uncle, and accused his owne Father for the murder: but by Gods providence being discovered, he dyed for the same. Where he writ this Song with his owne hand. To the tune of *Fortune my Foe.*

Whereat the people all in that same place,
Where praised God that gave me so much grace,
To quit my Father from that crying sin,
Where I with blood-red streams am drowned in.

My Father saw'd and I to prison sent,
Where now I live with many a sad lament:
Which when you heare, you cannot chuse but say,
Repentance comes before my dying day.

His repentance in prison.
To the same tune.

Mongst Lions fell in *Daniels* Den am I,
In lowest prison cast with *Ieremy*,
Fed with *Elias* by the Ravens fell,
And plac'd with *Ionas* in the maw of Hell.

Naked with *Esau*, fearefull doe I walke,
Dumbe with old *Zachary* silent doe I talke,
Afflictions bread with *Micha* is my food,
And with the Prophet drinke I sorrowes flood.

As poore as *Iob* even now so poore am I,
Despis'd with *Lazarus* in great misery,
Banisht with *David* from my native land;
Cast up with *Ionas* on the Ninivites sand.

Made blind with *Tobit* by the Swallowes dung,
And with poore *Ioseph* cast in prison strong;
I weepe with *Mary* who had lost her Master,
And run with *Peter* who should run the faster.

I sinned have, for sinne God curst the ground,
I sinned have, for sinne the world was drown'd;
I sinned have, sinne Sodome set on fire,
Also for sinne did Ægypt feele Gods ire.

I sinned have, for sinne did *Adam* die,
I sinned have, sinne caused *Davids* crie;
I sinned have, and for sinne Satan fell,
From an high Angell to a Divell in Hell.

Shall *David* weepe for sinne, and shall not I,
Shall *Mary* weepe, and shall my eyes be dry?
Shall *Esau* weepe, and shall not I weepe more?
Did *Peter* weepe, such teares let me have store.

Did *Mary* weepe for losse of Master deare?
Did *Martha* weepe for sorrow teucht full neare?
Spring eyes with teares to wash his sacred feet,
That for my sinnes did shed his blood most sweet.

Larke-like I fly unto thy living Springs,
Desiring pardon of my heavenly King;
Past worldly hope, now like the theefe on tree,
I onely fixe my faith and hope on thee.

Looke backe to me as thou didst unto *Peter*,
Speake to my soule as to the theefe more sweeter?
Oh spie me out with *Zache* in the tree,
And with good *Bartholomew* call me Lord to thee.

Oh let me now with holy *Abraham* spie
A saving Ram that *Isaac* may not die;
Oh let me live for to sound out thy praise,
That I may shew thy mercy in my dayes.

Make me now a Sparrow in thy house O King,
That Swallow-like I may there sit and sing;
O let me in thy Temple keepe a doore,
That I may praise thy name for evermore.

George Sanders

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Edw.*